

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

MR. WILLIAM WOTY,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

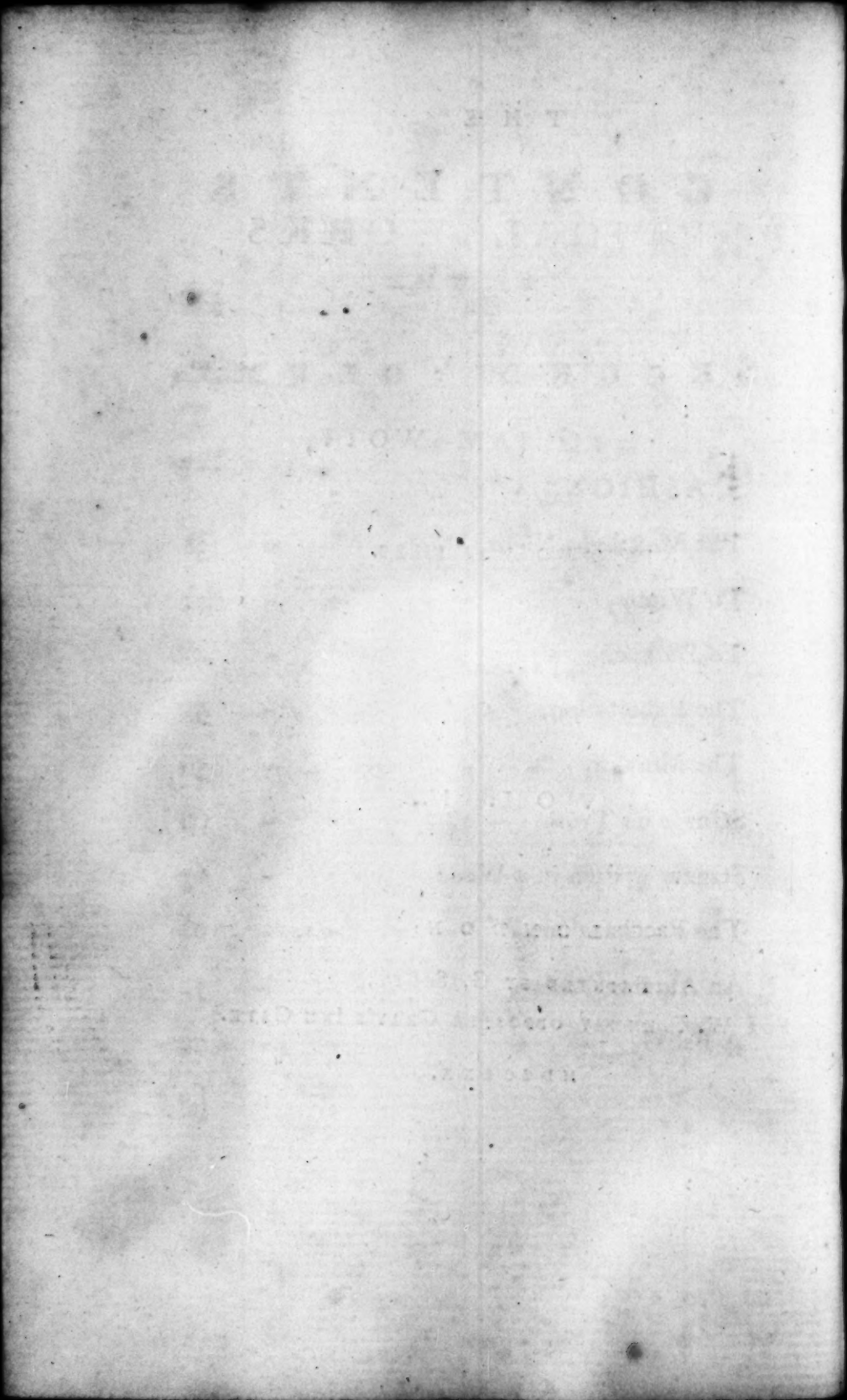
FAVETE.

V O L. II.

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F A S H I O N.

WRITTEN in 1767.

OH! for a Muse with CHURCHILL's vigour fraught,
Whose strength of language mark'd his strength of thought,
Who, where to numbers he renounc'd pretence,
Fill'd up the gap of harmony with sense.
Oh! that—but what avails this wish of mine,
Whose narrow genius narrow bounds confine?
Tho' rude in fancy, why should I despair,
Since much depends on culture and on care?

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B

Have

Have we not seen the churlish, niggard soil
Requite the tiller amply for his toil ?
Seen the rough heath some fertile scene impart,
And yield obedience to the hand of art,
On rugged steep discern'd the growth of taste,
Where young plantations flourish'd on the waste ?

In these gay times, when Pleasure swells her sail,
That curves in concert with each wanton gale ;
When upstart Folly, in her tinsel dress,
Despises modest Merit in distress ;
When dissipation smooths the road to fame,
And Vice is dignify'd with Virtue's name ;
Who would not lewdly sink, for Fashion's sake,
The virtuous Christian in the vicious rake ?
That musty thing call'd Wisdom who would prize,
Since Fashion makes it folly to be wise ?

In these gay times, when Honesty toils hard,
Yet seldom meets her merited reward ;
When she, repairing to her humble shed,
In silent sorrow breaks her scanty bread ;
Whilst Villainy, un-halter'd, thrives apace,
By constant habit mail'd against disgrace ;
Who would be honest, merely to secure
Praise without bounty, which must keep him poor ?
O ye choice minions ! ye selected few !
Who know the world, and daringly pursue
The path of lucre, tho' to reach that goal
Ye first must pawn each virtue of the soul,
Say, which is best—to be an active rogue,
Or a dull passive creature out of vogue.
Who would be righteous in these tastey times,
Since Fashion sanctifies the worst of crimes ?

Not to be wicked would be unpolite,
Who sins in taste, must certainly be right.

Come on then, Ye! whom Industry hath train'd,
And Prudence taught to husband what ye've gain'd,
Let Prudence, wary Prudence, be forgot,
And dash her name with an ungrateful blot:
In patient mood let formal Business stand
And hold the faithful *ledger* in her hand.
When pleasure calls, to slight her 'tis as rude
In you, as 'tis for Business to intrude.
Where-e'er the sorceress attracts your view,
Through ev'ry maze the sorceress pursue:
To distant regions should the nymph invite,
Let distant regions be your sole delight:
With bounding heart ascend her gilded barge,
And risk your all, dependent on her charge:

Blithe



Blithe curls the wave, and with delicious gales
The light-wing'd Zephyr fans the purple sails:
In loving wreaths the clouds salute the sky,
And form romantic pictures for the eye:
Ascend her barge, and skim the liquid plain,
Nor antedate the dangers of the main.
Caution's a silly, tame, insipid nurse,
The coward's virtue, and the coward's curse.
But, if your timid souls are loath to roam,
Partake of pleasure, more secure, at home.
In yonder SQUARE the fiend takes her stand,
And views with pride a world at her command.
A jocund smile adorns her beauteous face,
And ev'ry motion's crown'd with ev'ry grace.
The spendthrift *Foppington*, without regret,
Pays tax to her, tho' he'll not pay a debt,

And

And *Clara*, like the moon, with borrow'd light,
Here shines in jewels borrow'd for the night.
To check reflection, and to banish pain,
Music applies her soft, enchanting strain.
Yet what a contrast marks the motley ring,
Where Winter limps a minuet with the Spring!
Speak out, ye cits! the Muse appeals to you,
And, if 'tis possible, for once be true.
'Gainst peaceful Chastity doth Nature fight?
And wanton thoughts to wanton acts invite?
Doth lewdness burn you with uncommon heat,
And give your hearts the double, double, beat?
This pain and rapture do ye wish to quell,
This mix'd sensation, this life's heav'n and hell?
If this be so—where better can ye fly
Than to the arms of punk of quality?

In

In what more am'rous district can ye find
The mothers doating, and the daughters kind?
Compar'd to these bright votaries of joy,
Are not the nymphs of Covent-garden coy?
This truth your tongues are backward to confess,
Altho' your features, and your smiles, say—Yes.
Then quit your callings—from the *Change* repair,
And breath the fragrance of a purer air.
Who would not ev'ry other bliss forego
To taste superior blisses in S—
Come on, ye drones! 'tis FASHION leads the way,
Hers to command—your duty to obey.

SHE, potent queen, with ev'ry skill is fraught,
And shifts at will the various scenes of thought,
'Tis she, who, with propriety and ease,
Can be the most absurd, yet always please,

Can

Can place ev'n rudeness in a decent view,
And make false English current as the true,
Give to the fair, in all the swell of taste,
The round appearance of a pregnant waist,
(Tho' some detest dear Nature's goodly plan,
And love an eunuch better than a man)
Nay ev'n invalidate the Scriptures force,
Give CHRIST the lie, and warrant a divorce.

SHE casts a tint o'er *Phæbe's* pallid face,
And o'er her eye-brows turns the arch of grace,
But, ah! she cannot with her art supply
The dim effulgence of her languid eye;
That eye, where Love in ambush lov'd to dwell,
And aim in cruel sport his darts so well;
Whose look could make the men of sense adore,
And coxcombs blush, who never blush'd before.

Alas!

Alas! 'tis faded, nor can time repair
The damage which debauch hath planted there.
Too much the nymph hath labour'd to disarm,
By midnight routs, the force of ev'ry charm:
Yet of her beauty she is heard to boast,
And *Phæbe* thinks that *Phæbe's* still a toast.
Ah! how unlike the *Phæbe* of the plains!
The blooming *Phæbe*, through whose healthy veins
The stream of life, the rich blood, flows along
With generous warmth, and dances to her song.
She wants no jewel to adorn her head,
No paint to stain her lovely cheek with red.
Content with Nature, and with Nature's hue,
She needs no Venice cream, or Naples dew,
No compound essence o'er her muslin pours,
Or Persian odours drawn from English flow'rs,

To

To daintier folks the *roses milk* allows,
 But wiser she prefers the milk of cows.
 No Chinese paste demands this humble fair,
 Or inoffensive fluid for the hair;
 Such poor resource her mind is far above;
 Give her the *chick*—who will, may take the *glove* *.
 Was ev'ry female like this artless maid,
Warren and Co. would soon leave off their trade?

When angry Winter pours his fury forth,
 And rides tempestuous on the howling North,
 Rends the stout oak, that stood for ages past
 Uncrack'd, and shakes proud steeples at a blast;
 Or, when he grasps an ice-bolt in his hand,
 Congeals the tide, and petrifies the land;
 When not a bird has pow'r to quit the spray,
 But sits benumb'd, and mopes its life away;
 When

* See the Advertisements on these Occasions.

When ev'ry beast in silent anguish lies,
Silent, or moans the rigour of the skies;
Was Fashion in a suit of gauze to dress,
Would not the multitude her taste confess?
A suit of gauze who'd scruple to prefer,
To shiver out of complaisance to her?

Earth's barren womb when Spring vouchsafes to bless,
And splendid Summer wears her fullest dress,
Or, when the dog-star, minister of death,
Spreads his broad flame, and Nature gasps for breath,
Was Fashion in a blanket to parade,
WITNEY might stand unrivall'd in her trade.
Oh! then farewell the buckle form'd of paste,
And filken stocking, clock'd in glorious taste!
The smart-cock'd hat which charm'd each gazing belle,
Th' embroider'd coat, and waistcoat too, farewell!

And,

And, oh, ye ladies caps, puff'd out so full,
With tow'ring curls exuberant of wool,
The flounce festoon'd, the pompous furbelow,
And gaudy stomacher, to lure the beau,
Farewell ! for all these trimmings of a day
To Fashion's homely blanket must give way.

She gives a foreign air to English cloaths,
Fans to the belles, and glassses to the beaux;
Gives to the sword-hilt all its proper due,
Cocks to the hat, and buckles to the shoe;
With happy skill new-models ev'ry toy,
And keeps poor *Pinchbeck's* pate in full employ.

Anon she builds, erects her scaffold high,
Divides apartments, and usurps the sky;

With

With strange connexion jumbles brick and stone,
And carries London into Mary-bone.

HER pow'r the reign of Luxury extends ;
Where she begins, there all good order ends :
The middling class in various troops combine,
And pay their fond devotion at her shrine.
Is it not known, too scandalously known,
That many a whiffling tradesman of the town
Starts from his sphere, and, aiming to be great,
Rolls in his carriage to his country seat ?
Nor is this all—he fights for something more,
For what's an equipage without a whore ?
Time was when *Drugget* was content to feast
With wholesome fare his temporary guest ;
When he with thanks, and appetite, could dine
On solid pudding, and a plain sir-loin ;

And

And, grac'd with all the state of *pipe*, regale
O'er pomeridian draughts of cheerful ale.
Not so the modern *Drugget* deigns to live,
He tastes of all that *Luxury* can give.
To pamper gluttons, and adorn his dish,
Woods yield their birds, and ocean yields him fish.
In such profusion flow the costly wines,
The choicest produce of the choicest vines,
As if his vaults could soon be stock'd again,
And *Putney* join'd the province of *Champagne*.
Hence are consum'd the profits of his trade
In idle cost, and impudent parade:
Nor doth the coxcomb from the mode desist,
Till want records him on the bankrupts list—
And is a bankrupt such an odious name?
Doth that reflect the least degree of shame?

Believe

Believe it not—for Fashion will allow
A bankrupt is a sort of title now.
Then, Scandal ! cease his conduct to defame,
For none, but *men of credit*, bear the name.

In this fine age, when Pride control disdains,
And will not bear the lock of golden chains,
But mounts to garrets, free and unconfin'd,
And takes possession of a taylor's mind,
Then to the darkling cellar bends her way,
And bids the smirking oyster-wench good day ;
In this fine age, each action is parade,
And ev'ry tradesman blushes at his trade,
Shop-keepers, now, are either broke or dead,
And WAREHOUSE-MEN exalted in their stead,
Whilst ev'ry nook, where scarce can turn a mouse,
Is call'd, absurdly call'd, a Compting-house.

O LON-

O LONDON ! happy in extent of fame,
Where is the shore that has not heard thy name ?
In ev'ry distant quarter of the world
Thy stately fail of commerce is unfurl'd :
Yet happier still, if happiness redounds
When *Merchants* multiply, and wealth abounds.
For, till this blessed time, when couldst thou boast
Of wealthy merchants such a numerous host ?
Thy lanes they crowd, inhabit ev'ry square,
In stick-sheds work, and occupy *Rag-fair*.

O thou ! who dost with dark Oblivion dwell,
Spleen-struck within her solitary cell,
Whose lazy blood can scarcely, scarcely creep,
Numb'd as it were beneath the frost of sleep,
If, in some lucid interval of thought,
The blaze of *eminence* thy mind hath caught,

If

If springs thy heart with high elastic bound,
 Expands alert, and dances at the sound;
 Emerge at once, and struggle to be free,
 For London hath reserv'd a place for thee—
 That seat of *eminence*, where all things thrive,
 And ev'ry bee may find a proper hive,
 Thither repair, and gratify thy bent,
 Nor doubt, once doubt, of being *eminent*.
 The little haberdasher, spruce and clean,
 (Albeit some deem his occupation mean)
 That fawning, humble slave of ev'ry fan;
 The wriggling mercer, that half-lady man,
 Telling false tales of debts that he hath lost,
 Then gaining most, when selling *under cost*;
Sartoria's sons, and *Vulcan's* iron race,
 And they, whose razors trim the stubbl'd face;

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All, all, are *eminent*; but those, who bawl
Sublime from chimney-tops, o'er-top them all.

Guided by Fashion, whose uncertain sway
The low-great men, and great-low men obey,
Each gentleman in trade (suppose him one
Who deals in cheese, or who retails a bun)
Breeds up his daughter in the life of life,
As if some lord bespoke her for his wife;
And sees in thought, chimerically wild,
A future countess in his darling child.
Scarce is the childish rattle thrown aside,
But miss must have a Frenchman for her guide,
And, in that language when she's perfect grown,
The lady's too well-bred to learn her own.
Grown up, and fit in public to appear,
She chafes pleasure with a wild career:

Undone

Undone by cards, and wanting means to pay,
To some gay rake she falls an easy prey.
Time flies revokeless, and the gossip, Fame,
With joy stands ready to divulge her shame.
What shall she do—her credit to secure?
Marriage alone that credit can insure.
For want of fortune, when her virtue's fled,
Behold! a man of trade she deigns to wed.
This shocks her pride, and he, fond soul! can't hear
Her daily calls for cash without a tear:
For her shall smoke upon the sumptuous board
All that the various seasons can afford.
What! shall his wife, a gentle-woman bred,
Like common wives with common fare be fed?
For her, whose squeamish palate is so nice,
Dainties shall be obtain'd at any price:

For her choice taste shall be consum'd away
A whole week's gains in less than half a day.
To trick her figure off, whatever yields
Each variegated loom of Spittal-fields
Shall the fond dotard buy, but nothing less
Than royal tissues must compose her dress.
Your vulgar lute-strings *madam* cannot bear,
They're only fit for *Abigails* to wear.
The husband, with a rueful length of face,
Observes his little substance waste apace ;
Yet on she goes, till he for want of bail,
And want of cash, is hurry'd to a jail,
Whilst she, sad refuge from immediate pain,
Takes ready-furnish'd rooms in Drury-lane.

Such too is Fashion's witchcraft o'er the age,
That each historian's, or each poet's page,

The

The public voice of early praise receives,
Tho' Dullness wrote, and Folly mark'd the leaves.

Confiding in the sanction of her name,
The modern painter soars his way to fame.
Lo! on her weathercock he sits astride,
And looks around him with a secret pride;
There while the sun beams kindly on his breast,
And cheering gales salute him from the West,
He little thinks, to blast the clement skies,
How soon the demon of the North may rise.

Amongst the many frolics of the day,
Which *Fashion*, baby-like, delights to play,
Few are but sketch'd—(the Muse in merry vein
Hereafter may resume the theme again,

Unless

Unless she thinks, good natur'dly severe,
On strains more worthy of the public ear)
These are mere trifles—her substantial plan
Is to record, and signalize the MAN,
With rare accomplishments to store his mind,
And make him shine the phoenix of his kind;
Tread the broad path, which Caution bids him shun,
And strain his utmost nerve to be undone—
To root each thought of virtue from his head,
And plant mistaken honour in its stead—
To twist her cords around his yielding breast,
And press each kindred feeling into rest—
To speed his course, and ripen him betimes
In guilty follies, and more guilty crimes.
Since Fashion then such wholesome laws instills,
And freely warrants what the passion wills,

Away

Away with Virtue—send her to the schools,
And let her awe the herd of learned fools !
There let her preach, till she is out of breath,
And lead a life above the dread of death ;
But too near town she never should be seen,
For fear of giving gentle-folks the spleen.

Let Conscience too, that busy overseer,
Who sometimes chills the boldest heart with fear,
Begone—thou dam to ev'ry bliss ! avaunt !
Nor dare the steps of libertines to haunt,
When Lust invades, and parches up the soul,
Bids the man-brute in sensual pleasures roll ;
Spurs him to meditate a deed of shame,
And rob the virgin of the virgin's name ;
With serpent guile soft language to impart,
And rend a miserable parent's heart ;

Then

Then vulgar Conscience rudely intercedes,
 And pleads for Innocence, for Virtue pleads,
 With strong conviction his hard-bosom tears,
 And from his base design the villain scares.
 Is Conscience then, the shallow blockhead's theme,
 That soils, O Pleasure! thy refreshing stream,
 That seeks each free emotion to annoy,
 And break the shining bubble of our joy;
 Is Conscience then her pert advice to give,
 And dictate how a gentleman should live?
 If so, adhering strictly to that plan,
 EUGENIO might have been a worthy man.
 Mark! where the gallant, gay adventurer stands,
 Rich in the funds, and rich in fertile lands.
 If titled birth, and length of ancient line,
 Have pow'r to make a mortal more divine,

More

More honour'd than his fellow-creatures are,
 What boundless raptures must EUGENIO share!
 Was he his noble ancestry to trace,
 And shew the pedigree that shews his race,
 How would it gall an ancient Briton's mind
 To think his lineage was so far behind!
 Yet, to attain perfection's noble end,
 EUGENIO does not on his birth depend:
 Debauch'd by travel, he resolves in haste
 To act the *Genius*, and the man of taste.

On infamous New-market's famous plain,
 Where Folly betts, whilst Knavery holds the rein,
 Where inconsistency gives a motley sight,
 As peers with grooms, and grooms with peers unite,
 Where all distinction's lost, all order dies,
 As ev'ry head is bent on ev'ry prize,

Where

Where rich and poor are equal for a while,
And *Buckberse* from his GRACE receives a smile,
View him reduc'd, and quite prepar'd by sweats
To ride a match, and take up all the betts :
How lank his carcass ! and how pale his mien !
How chang'd from red to white ! from plump to lean !
Methinks he looks, as, if through mere despair,
Turn'd from some hospital to take the air.
What ! tho' he loses ev'ry sum he lays,
'Tis lost with spirit, as 'tis won with ease.
Hence the large rentals of his large estate,
Proofs of his folly, in their size abate ;
For the huge folio, that could scarce contain
The various tenures in his wide domain,
That felt no loss in his fore-fathers age,
Contracts and dwindles to a single page.

The

The goodly mansion, at whose open door
Sat Hospitality to feed the poor,
Where *Ceres*, goddess of the golden corn,
With amber draughts fill'd high the copious horn,
The goodly mansion is no more the seat
Of social converse, and the welcome treat.
No more *Pomona*, nectar-making lais,
Smiles in the cup, or sparkles in the glass,
Nor liberal *Bacchus*, with his jovial bowl,
And hearty laugh, exhilarates the soul.
The thirsty man may thirsty walk away,
For Stinginess, the butler, keeps the key.

View him at A——'s next, that rigid school,
Where tutor *Cunning* whips her pupil fool.
What place than this an odder scene affords,
Where pimps presume to intermix with lords!

As

As vermin oft, too oft, are seen to crawl,
And taint the fairest fruit upon the wall.
But in this hallow'd age, no man, I ween,
Can think a pimp's profession to be mean.
Stands he not high in favour with the great,
Whilst he can furnish out the bawdy treat?
All, all, with him in seeming friendship league,
This bold, successful master of intrigue.
It may be wrong, impolitic in me,
To dare avow my meaning frank and free;
But from my soul may ev'ry comfort fly
In that dread hour, when most I want supply!
When I shall wish, that from my purged soul
(Before she starts for her eternal goal)
Sin, tho' close fasten'd now, may stinglefs fall,
As did the viper from the hand of PAUL,

The

The sharpest pangs of misery may I share,
If truth not guides my tongue ! when I declare,
Rather of coarsest food I'd take my fill,
And drink my beverage from the muddy rill,
Than in such company accept a place,
And at the board of Plenty pledge his GRACE.

Now could I trace (but it would shame the times)
The wild EUGENIO through a maze of crimes,
Tell what vile arts he practis'd to ensnare
The harmless, unsuspecting easy fair,
Whilst he (damn'd fiend !) delighted to expose
Her injur'd honour, and insult her woes.
Reflection will present her horrid views
Too soon, and spare the trouble of the Muse.
Is this the man, whose parents wept for joy,
When heav'n had blest'd 'em with an only boy,

Whose

Whose flatt'ring hopes misled them to divine
That he was born to propagate the line,
Th' illustrious line, and, with peculiar worth
Largely endow'd, to dignify his birth !
Is this the man, who should have grac'd the age,
And shone renown'd on Truth's immortal page,
Beneath whose tender, and indulgent care
Genius presag'd her buds would blossom fair !
Mistaken Genius ! how could'st thou expect,
That he, who never knew thee, should protect ?
Fled are those fortunate, those golden days,
When thou could'st meet with something more than praise,
But now the Arts and Sciences decline,
Destin'd perhaps in happier hours to shine.

In mournful attitude see Sculpture stand,
And drop the chisel from her nerveless hand !

No

No longer able to exert her art,
Strength, beauty, grace and feature, to impart
To the rough marble—all her spirits fail,
And either rose on either cheek turns pale.
Even the half-form'd figure seems to lie,
With sinking muscle, and dejected eye,
As conscious, that no plastic skill can warm
Its trunk unfinish'd into perfect form.

Nor less doth Painting feel the shock of grief—
But where, alas ! can Painting find relief ?
Fast, as each fine idea fills her brain,
She drives each fine idea back again ;
Strives to keep down what glowing Fancy hints,
Her pencil breaks, and sullies all her tints.
How bold her figures from the canvas swell !
Where in each feature life-blood seems to dwell ;

And

And with such truth of nature are they wrought,
 That all appear to be possess'd with thought;
 Her lab'ring passions gather'd to a storm,
 Now see her cut, and mangle ev'ry form,
 And, whilst Distraction rages in her mind,
 Throw ev'ry shining fragment to the wind.

Sweet Poetry, than whom no sweeter maid
 Such lasting charms of beauty has display'd,
 Whose gentle words, as my *Cleora's*, kind,
 Could reason down the phrenzy of the mind,
 Diffuse composure round the brow of Care,
 And cheer with hope the bosom of Despair;
 Sweet Poetry beneath a cypress lies,
 With locks dishevell'd, and with streaming eyes,
 Whilst slow-pac'd Melancholy deigns to halt,
 And points the road to her infernal vault.

O Heav'n!

O Heav'n ! defend her from the hag malign,
And o'er her senses pour one ray divine,
Or, ere the fiend inthralls her in her chain,
Snatch, quickly snatch her to your realms again.
Is this the wondrous maid, at whose behest
Courage would leap into the coward's breast,
Around his heart her flame was wont to roll,
And thaw each frozen particle of soul !
Can this be she, whose all-pervading eye
The vast of Nature could at once descry.
Too sure it is—yet oh ! how sadly chang'd !
And from her native self how much estrang'd !
Where is that life—but hark ! aloud she cries,
And big with anguish supplicates the skies,
Plucks from her head the wreath of with'ring bays,
And mourns the loss of past, of better days.

Too nicely fram'd, she cannot brook the thought,
Without a cause, of being fet at nought.
Her friendly patron, whom she dearly lov'd,
To her embraces hath a truant prov'd,
In evil hour hath turn'd unkind away,
And check'd the freedom of her honest lay.
Her torch of fancy ceases now to burn,
Nor will she light it more till his return.

So, when the Sun withdraws his vivid flame,
The golden flow'r, that bears his sacred name,
Through whose support in daily strength it thriv'd,
And at its dazzling altitude arriv'd,
Shrinks in, and wraps its grandeur from the sight,
Dependent at the gloom of coming night;
But, when the parent orb renews the day,
And kisses from its face the tears away,

The

The flow'r awakes, its lively leaf expands,
And proud of state magnificently stands,
With super-added lustre seems to shine,
And glories in its origin divine.

But hold—confounded I review my theme,
Written, in part, as written in a dream.
Said I, that Sculpture mournful took her stand,
And dropp'd the chisel from her nerveless hand?
I said, that Sculpture mournful took her stand
And dropp'd the chisel from her nerveless hand—
That Painting strove to keep down Fancy's hints,
Her pencil broke, and sully'd all her tints—
I said—What plea this falshood can correct?
Or what compensate for this gross defect?
Far as concession can for pardon sue,
YE GREAT! the criminal applies to you,

And here, before th' assembly of the *Nines*,

My recantation penitent I sign.

But, whilst the sculptor and the painter thrive,

And from your bounty large supplies derive,

Ah ! let not Poetry neglected pine,

And on the bed of Penury recline.

Tho' oft in perils try'd, and tempest-hurl'd,

She dates her birth coeval with the world.

Search, find her out—receive her to your arms,

And once again illumine all her charms.

She's worth your care—for when the marble bust,

By time corroded, crumbles into dust,

When the rich colours from the canvas shrink,

And spiders crawl athwart each ragged chink,

When the dull portrait, with a blemish'd eye,

Through the dim cobweb-lattice looks awry,

The

The cobweb-lattice wove by way of screen,
As if to hide what ought not to be seen,
SHE'll then produce her fair, unspotted page,
And hand your figures down from age to age,
Preserve your memories from the vulgar doom,
And bid your virtues triumph o'er the tomb;
For she confines not her extensive rhyme
To one short fleeting century of time,
But moves, O Death! unhurt beyond thy gate,
And rides eternal on the wings of Fate.

T H E

THE
MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

HAIL ! empress of the star-bespangled sky !

At thy benign approach Night throws aside
Her raven-colour'd vest, and from her cave
Starts forth to visibility. And now,
With thy bright edging burnish'd, on the eye
The tree tops glitter ; hills, and vales, and plains
Thy softest influence feel. The tir'd ox,
Forgetful of the labours of the day,
Slumbers at ease beneath thy kindly beam.
Tho' now the lamp, that late illum'd the day,

Its

Its blaze withdraws to light up other worlds,
I cannot weep its absence, while this scene
Invites to speculation more refin'd.
Witness this canopy of cluster'd stars,
In dazzling order spread, immensely bright!
Witness yon glitt'ring mounts, and valley streams,
Dancing beneath thy silver-shedding orb.
Mute are the choral warblers of the day;
Yet tho' the choral warblers of the day
No more symphonious lull Attention's ear,
And tho' nor linnet sings, nor laughing finch
Shrill twittles from the spray—O smiling Night,
Still, still, thou hast thy charms, while Philomel
Is thine. Ah! let me hear th' extatic swells
By Eccho's voice return'd—So sweet's the strain,
The nymph enamour'd doubles ev'ry note,

Save

Save ever and anon thy softest trill
In imperfection dies upon her tongue.
If aught of sound the troubled breast can sooth,
And from its course avert the tide of grief,
'Tis thine, thou sweet musician. Tho' thy dirge
Be querulous, yet does it fill the mind
With solemn musing and celestial wonder.
Nor yet I scorn, O Night, thy loving bird,
As on her ivy-flaunting turret perch'd,
Wooing thy brownest solitude, she hoots,
To some discordant—yet again—ere morn
Affright thine eye, and rob me of thy note.
Oh ! 'tis a pleasing melancholy air,
Which Fancy well may melodize. How oft
From jarring strings harmonious sounds are drawn !

Turn

Turn upwards, eyes ! and see yon flaming arch !
How glows each sacred light ! Yon falling star
Behold—There view the Deity immense ;
'Tis he who shines in all, th' Eternal One,
Who form'd and rules with awe the wondrous whole,
Here let the atheist tremble as he looks,
And blush into belief—But can there live
A monster so absurd ?—Where art thou, then,
O Conscience—Lock'd in sleep ?—Then must thou wake
In torments wrapt, when Death disturbs thy dream.
For know (poor crawling worm of little faith)
Thou canst not die the wretch that thou hast liv'd.
Here let me gaze, and in the trance of thought
Forget that I am mortal—But behold !
Alas ! the prospect lessens, and each star
From the fair face of sun retires, eclips'd

With

With lustre more predominant. Farewell,
Sweet nurse of Virtue, Contemplation sage!
For I must leave thee now. The busy Day
My ling'ring chides. I go, till Night's return,
To plunge into that sea of sin—a bustling world.

T O
W I N T E R.

WHAT! tho' thou com'st in sable mantle clad,
Yet, Winter! art thou welcome to my eye.

Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,

And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days,

When *Ceres* led me thro' her wheaten mines;

When Autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny hand,

Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines!

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole

I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop:

When Summer, waving high her crown of hay,

Pour'd o'er the mead her odorif'rous crop!

I must forget them—and thee too, O Spring!

Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for me.

For now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scene,

Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee.

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms!

Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face.

Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth!

Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

How sicklied over is the face of things!

Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale!

Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the thorn,

The mountain flow'r, and lily of the vale!

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,

And view the trees disrob'd of ev'ry leaf,

The velvet path grown rough with clotting show'rs,

And ev'ry field depriv'd of ev'ry sheaf!

How

How far more gloomy, o'er the rain-beat heath,

Alone to travel in the dead of night!

No twinkling star to gild the arch of heav'n,

No moon to lend her temporary light;

To see the light'ning spread its ample sheet,

Discern the wild waste thro' its liquid fire,

To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,

As Time itself and Nature would expire.

And yet, O Winter! has thy poet seen

Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring;

Has felt, with comfort felt the beam of heav'n,

And heard thy vallies and the woodlands ring;

What time the Sun with burnish'd locks arose,

The long-lost charms of Nature to renew,

When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,

And tree tops floated in the silver-dew.

Father

Father of heav'n and earth! this change is thine:

By thee the seasons in gradation roll;

Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world!

Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee!

'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise,

Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land;

Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,

With thee for ever does the symbol live.

Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,

Thou askst no more than he has pow'r to give.

T O
D A R K N E S S.

'TIS now the dreary hour of night,
When Darkneſs ſhuts the ſenſe of ſight.

Where ſparkles now that florid grace,
That ſat enthron'd on Nature's face?
That golden flood of glory where,
That ſteam'd its luſtre thro' the air?
That private, zephyr-quiv'ring ſhade,
Where *Thyſis* woo'd his lovely maid?
Alas! the ſun! alas the ſhade!
Where *Thyſis* woo'd his lovely maid,

Are

Are vanish'd, and the wat'ry dyke
And flow'ry bank have charms alike.
The velvet lawn, the tree-topt hill,
The fertile mead, the neighb'ring rill,
And all that lately pleas'd my eye,
In un-distinguish'd darkness lie.
Oh Darkness! each extreme degree
Is reconcil'd alone by thee.
What now avails *Lucinda's* eyes,
That wont to dazzle and surprize?
Or what the captivating charms
Of *Stella's* lily-colour'd arms?
Since none the difference can see,
'Twixt beauty and deformity.
Involv'd in terror, on his bed
The wretch of guilt reclines his head,

Reclines,

Reclines, and wishes for repose,
That friendly balm of human woes,
In vain—for gentle Sleep denies
With magic wand to close his eyes;
And, should he nod, he dreams despair,
And wakens to redoubl'd care.
Then spectred forms before him sweep,
Imaginary foes to sleep,
Whilst ev'ry whistling breath of wind
Adds deeper horror to his mind.
He sweats in tremor, sinks his head,
To ev'ry sense of comfort dead:
With pain reflects, attempts to pray,
And yearns to see the glimpse of day.
Not so the steady, tranquil man,
Who acts on Reason's virtuous plan;

No wild, fantastic thoughts control
The settled firmness of his soul.
For thro' the gloomy veil of night
He sees a constant, sacred light,
That beams its un-remitting ray,
And changes darkness into day.

THE

T H E
E X H O R T A T I O N .

TO thee, whose heart pants high with ardent youth,
And health redundant—thee, thou son of earth !

Whose present fancy pencils future scenes
Pregnant with happiness remote; whose wit
Is indigested as the sick man's dream ;
Whose jest impure, and mirth of folly born,
Subsist at Reason's charge, the Muse attunes
Her monitory voice. Nor thou, because
Her finger is indocile to the lyre,
Reject her well-meant, tho' incondite song.

52 THE EXHORTATION.

Doth love of pleasure fire thy longing soul ?
 It doth—Behold, then, where the syren stands
 With face delectable. On yonder stream,
 Where not a wave disturbs its easy lapse,
 See, to the gale she spreads her silken sails,
 And beckons thee aboard her gilded bark.
 And wilt thou smile applause ? And wilt thou catch
 Her gorgeous painted bait ? Do smile applause,
 And catch her gorgeous painted bait ; nor mind
 What from yon bright, celestial-burnish'd cloud
 That leaning angel whispers, nor regard
 The God within. Go ! glut thy yearning soul !—
 Foe to thy peace ! Why wilt thou take such pains
 To unparadise thy mind ! Deluded wretch !
 But yet, a little while, repentance dire
 Her scorpion shall let loose. The gilded bark,
 Which

Which thou so late ascended, with a brow
 Of full festivity, shall strike against
 The tempest-beaten rock of deep despair.

Leaps thy fond heart for Bacchanalian joys,
 While distant, most voluptuous to thy thought?
 Lo! where the light-soul'd sons of *Comus* sit,
 Triumphant over care. No frown their brow,
 No gloom their eye deforms, but all is life,
 All social spirit, and confed'rate mirth.
 Ha! dream'st thou so!—join thou the festive train,
 Give riot scope—let merriment usurp,
 And be thyself the comet of the night.
 Then hie thee from this tumult with a blush,
 And call it all the pastime of an hour;
 Pastime that dies, and dying leaves behind
 The sad reversion of a thousand ills.

If

54 THE EXHORTATION.

If thou wouldst build on Virtue's steady base
 Felicity's eternal mansion, now
 While vigour strings thy nerves, while fierce desire
 To vicious deed impels, the pow'rful tide
 Of strong temptation buffet. Soon the wave,
 That would o'erwhelm thee, shall subside, and sink
 Beneath thy weight superior. But thou sayst
 'Tis time enough, when age gives leisure scope,
 To meditate repentance. Wrong not thus
 Thy cool deliberation. 'Tis the thought
 Of sin, of folly: For what man can give
 To future life the insurance of an hour?
 Live well—the rectitude of living well
 The sacred page informs, and then no cause
 Of penitence hast thou. Faith with good works,
 Co-operating strong through life's short stage,
 Each

THE EXHORTATION. 55

Each adjutant with each, shall far outweigh

All common faults that human *flesh* is heir to.

Then think betimes, ere yet the evil days

With slow, yet certain foot advance—ere yet

The years, the hours, the minutes shall arrive,

“ When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.”

THE

THE
MORALIST.

TEACH me, oh sacred Muse! for under thee
Who would not wish to study? Teach, I pray,
That, whatsoever object strikes my sight,
From thence thy young disciple may grow wise.
The simplest scene, which Nature's pencil draws,
Affords morality. The sloping lawn,
Where Nature sleeps upon her velvet couch;
The hill, first favour'd with *Aurora's* kiss,
And lowly vale, where Plenty feeds her lambs,
Convey their lessons to reflecting man.

Canst

Canst thou, *Lothario*, view the attendant flow'rs
Scenting the mead matur'd? canst thou behold
The rivulet's liquid path; and on the hedge
Contemplate the wild nosegay, and be dumb?
Will not thy mind vouchsafe to entertain
Ideas most celestial? For a while
Into thyself descend. Each purer thought
Collect. Whatever is terrene, refine.
Then ponder on the great, efficient Cause,
And let thy soul th' Omnipotent adore.
Where canst thou dart thy eye, and not discern
The Deity apparent? Search the grot,
Trick'd with diversity of shining shells,
Which art despairs to imitate; the rock,
Radiant with spar, and ev'ry weeping cave
Of secret Nature; thou shalt find him there:

Shalt

Shalt find him great in his minuteſt work
Uncircumſcrib'd ; as when with ſolar light
He floods the plain of Æther, or aſcends
The rapid whirlwind's moſt tempeſtuous wing :
As great, as when the light'ning's livid ſheet
He ſpreads, or with his red right arm he hurls
The bolt of Heav'n, and ſplits the ſounding air.
The very ſtone we tread upon, contains
Of great Omnipotence a part. Confeſt
To ſpeculative ſouls, in bladed graſs
The Godhead ſhoots, and flows in ev'ry rill.
That rude uncultivated bank of flow'rs,
Around whoſe tender roots the creeping ſteam
Circles, nutritious, fills the muſing mind
With wonder ample, and with thought ſublime.
And doſt thou ſmile, *Lothario* ? Call'ſt thou this

An observation trite! Trite tho' it be,
'Tis useful, and the little narrow breast
Extends, enlarges. Muse, be not asham'd
Such doctrine to inculcate. For the mind,
That eye of man, which (tho' the pall of night
Envelope earth) shines with internal rays,
Potent and clear, can ne'er enough admire
The omnific Cause. Then folly, smile thou on,
And I will pause to pity, and forgive thee.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

O N

T R U T H.

HYPOCRISY ! than whom no ruder fiend
E'er pour'd her venom o'er the human heart,
Avaunt ! thou vengeful serpent in disguise,
Nor dare, unsham'd, to play an honest part !
Go ! tell thy stories to the herd of fools,
Who love to listen to the flowing tale,
Specious, as is the dimple on thy cheek,
Soft, as the whisper of the vernal gale.

I spurn thy cobweb arts. For, taught by Truth
To square my actions by her golden rule,
Unmov'd I stand amidst a frowning world,
Nor fear the tongue of vulgar Ridicule.

Proof against all the injuries of time,
See! where she sits on Right's eternal base.
Perpetual bloom her countenance adorns,
For *Hebe* guards the lustre of her face.

Plain, unaffected shines the decent nymph,
And scorns the superficial dress of Pride.
Calm and serene she smiles her time away,
Nor looks a thought that she would wish to hide.

Beneath her, Flatt'ry throws her mask aside,
Kneels at her feet, and lays her bosom bare,
Conscious, that at the potent breath of Truth,
Her rain-bow bubbles must dissolve in air.

Here

Here at this shrine your frequent visits pay,
Ye great, important authors of the age !
And learn how much is wanting to complete,
The pompous boasting of each title page.

Here too, ye deep-learn'd orators, attend,
And see, when weigh'd in Truth's unerring scale,
How light appears the flimsy gloss of words,
How little quirks and flourishes prevail !

What boots it, that in Ciceronian style
Talks the loud senator of patriot love,
If through the fine-spun cobweb we discern
The sentiments that Justice can't approve !

Arm me with Truth, and I'll not blush to meet
His proud deportment, and his scowling eyes,
Securely cas'd within her ample shield,
I'll tell the bold-fac'd villain, that he lies.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S,

WRITTEN IN A WOOD.

A SCENE, like this, can seldom fail to please,
Where friendly boughs a cooling shade diffuse,
Here on this turf let me recline at ease,
And hold sweet converse with the *sylvan Muse*.
Thee let me worship with obedience true,
Whom pastoral simplicities adorn,
When Eve puts on her sandals wash'd in dew,
When Earth receives the virgin kifs of Morn.

Oh!

Oh! let me frequent from the plains retire,
And to thy private soothing grots repair,
When sultry *Phæbus*, with meridian fire,
Scorches the panting bosom of the air.
Shew me, kind *Druid*, some pacific dale,
From tumult lead my willing footsteps far,
Nor let me hear the sadly-sounding tale
Of armies victim'd in the field of war.
On me, Ambition! mayst thou never prey,
Nor discompose one feature of my mind!
Enough!—thou snatch'd my *Paridel* away,
Who left his pensive *Altamont* behind.
Perhaps, ev'n now, while here the rustic *ay* *lay*
I tune, contemplative o'er Nature's page,
Thousands stand forth in terrible array,
And hosts with hosts in deeds of death engage.

Full many a tear to come will mothers shed,
In all the raving impotence of woe;
And many a father, for his darling dead,
Will feel the pang which none but fathers know.
Happy for me, that underneath this shade
I sit sequester'd from the busy throng;
Here struggling rills rough gurgle thro' the glade,
And listen to the black-bird's mellow song.
What tho' fair *Iris* * sits not on thy wing,
Nor sprinkles on thy breast her heav'nly dye,
Sweet harmonist! I'd rather hear thee sing
Than all the noisy minstrels of the sky.
Why dances thus yon butterfly so gay,
Beating the air in many an idle ring?
Go, spread thy colours to the noon-tide ray,
And bid the painter emulate thy wing.

* Feigned to preside over the Rainbow.

Loft is the lustre of thy silky vest,
Here, where no multitudes its gloss descry;
Hence, where spectators may observe thee best,
Nor hide thy tinctures from the public eye.
With awful gloom the solemn place is fill'd,
No splendid object strikes upon the sight,
Save where the Sun, the dark-brown scene to gild,
Draws his long measuring line of radiant light.
High over-head is perch'd the clam'rous rook,
Croaking harsh notes from her discordant tongue:
With secret pleasure she surveys the nook
Where she has built the cradle for her young.
Here let me muse, until my eye beholds
The glimm'ring moon and brilliant stars appear,
Until the last, low, tinkling of the folds
No longer tremble in Attention's ear.

Then

Then homeward let me meditate my way,
Wrap'd in the silence of angelic thought,
Each glowing orb with wondering eye survey,
And praise the great director as I ought.

THE
BACCHANALIAN.

YE fordid wretches ! chain'd to rules
As asses dull, and obstinate as mules,
Whose minds ne'er knew one lib'ral thought,
Back to your sneaking miserable cells !
Where narrowness of thinking dwells,
With not one social sense of feeling fraught.

There, free from tumult, free from strife,
In silence doze, nor snuff the wick of life :

But

The B A C C H A N A L I A N. 69

But slowly let it waste away,
Whilst cunning Prudence plauds the saving scheme,
Nor let its flame so much as seem
To cast a glimpse of one eccentric ray.

Give me the man of blither soul,
Whose spirits thro' an ampler channel roll;
Who, spite of Method's drowsy plan,
Will plunge alert into a sea of joy,
And float on active Fancy's buoy,
And snatch at fleeting pleasure whilst he can.

See yonder festive jocund band !
A nectar'd goblet gracing ev'ry hand.
Mirth opes the storehouse of the soul,
And on Illnature turns the polish'd key :
Sullen the demon limps away,
Nor dares exert the function of control.

Thither

70 The B A C C H A N A L I A N.

Thither let me bend in haste,
And embrace the bottle's waist,
Charms Anacreontic prove,
Quaffing to the god of love;
Brighter blushes paint his face,
And he looks a fresher grace,
When with Bacchus he reclines
Underneath his purple vines.
How the jolly, hunting song,
Emblematic, loud, and strong,
On Attention's organ dwells,
And the force of care dispels,
Till the full-voic'd, bursting chorus
Sets the fox and hounds before us.
Sons of sorrow ! quit your beds,
Seek the path which Bacchus treads,

Drown

The BACCHANALIAN. 71

Drown your avaricious notions
In the claret's lively potions :
Mind not what the miser says,
Folly 'tis to earn his praise :
Or his constitution fails,
Or his avarice prevails,
Else he'd laugh, and quaff, and be
Airy, tipsy, gay as we.

A N

A N

AUTUMNAL SONG.

THE woodpath is carpeted over with leaves,
The glories of Autumn decay;
The goddess of plenty has bound up her sheaves,
And carried the harvest away.
With dissonant guns, hills and vallies resound,
The swains through the coppices rove,
The partridges bleed on the dry stubble ground,
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.

To

To others such pastime, such sport I resign,

And fly to my heart's little queen,

Her breast, with a sympathy tender as mine,

Will mourn so pathetic a scene.

A keener enjoyment, my fair, we'll pursue,

From a fight so destructive remove,

Let sportsmen rejoice with the game in full view,

Our pastime's the pastime of love.

Together the true lover's knot let us tie,

While youth revels high in each vein,

When youth, and its pleasing concomitants fly,

The true lover's knot will remain.

Tho' age may creep on, and indenture the brow,

Still then shall our constancy last,

And, if we can't relish the feats we act now,

We'll think on the pleasure that's past.

A

B A L L A D.

YE swains! that insult o'er my woe,
And make me the jest of the green,
What I suffer ye slenderly know,
My *Phillis* ye never have seen.
O! she's lovely as thought can express,
As gentle and mild as the dove:
I saw her—and who could do less,
I saw, and I could not but love.

I

I ne'er told her the anguish I bear,
She might think me presumptuous and bold;
Ah! what need of words to declare
What my eyes must so often have told!
How shall I my love recommend!
I may rob all her heart of its ease;
And sure I must dread to offend,
Whose study is only to please.

They tell me I'm pensive and grave,
Not as formerly cheerful and free;
All pleasures contented I wave,
That spring not, my *Phillis*, from thee.
Nor riches nor grandeur I mind,
Nor titles to flatter my pride;
To me, if the Nymph is unkind,
All the world's a desert beside.

At

At each scene of the well-fabled woe,
Where sorrows so forcibly speak,
I mark'd the soft current o'erflow,
And the tear gently steal down her cheek.
I mark'd it! and, trust me, ye fair!
It pleas'd me such softness to see.
Can she melt at a fancy'd despair,
And not have compassion for me?

Her voice sounds so filverly sweet,
When she tells me there's hope for her swain,
My life I'd lay down at her feet
But to hear the dear accents again.
In expression let others excel,
My love is a stranger to art:
It may be I speak not so well,
Yet, trust me, I speak from the heart.

May

May thy days to thy wishes be blest !

Mayst thou never have cause to repine !

Or, if sorrows thy bosom molest,

Oh ! tell them, and they shall be mine.

Will my fair one my service deny ?

My presumption will *Phillis* forgive ?

Contented for her I could die,

With whom 'twould be Heaven to live.

T O

T O
C H A R I T Y.

DELIGHTFUL sovereign of the cheerful smile!
(Save when thy eye pours forth the streaming tear
Compassionate, as oft it doth, when Want
In penfive mood, and tatter'd garb appears)
Where shall I find thee? for thy sacred step
The pow'r of secrecy attends and guards.
O Fortune! Fortune! wherefore not to me
Devolves thy golden tide? to me, whose hand
Would turn thy flood into a thousand rills.

Why

Why on the barren rock, and niggard heath
 Plays thy Favonian breeze? Why shines thy sun
 To tip the dunghill with a beam of gold?
 Why dost thou stretch thy treasure-laden hand
 To those of no desert.—Yon fordid wretch,
 Of narrow soul, behold, on whom thy gifts
 Are lavish'd bountiful—behold, and blush!
 He shuts them from the light, nor heeds the cry
 Of helpless orphans, as before his door
 They kneel imploring, with distressful tears
 Softening the rude, hard flint. His harder heart
 Feels no emotion for another's woe.
 If, in the world to come, severest pangs
 Spontaneous crimes await, how much will mourn
 Beings unsocial, unbenevolent.
 This principle allies us to the stars.

Its

80 T O C H A R I T Y.

Its non-exertion, where the pow'r is giv'n,
Looks hateful to divine and human view.
And yet how dances yonder miser's heart
Ignoble ! What from charity he holds
He deems economy, and hugs the thought
Of posthumous applause, if by his will
He gives the public what he cannot keep.
Oh vanity of fame ! I'd rather lie
Tomb'd in oblivion, ere I'd have my name
Engrav'd immortal on so low a base.
Wretch as he is—'tis ostentation all—
A pride, which gnaws his vitals up, and turns
“ The milk of human kindness ” into gall.
Queen of the lib'ral, vast extensive thought,
Sweet Charity ! Oh ! lead me to the cell
Where haggard Famine o'er her dying race

Sits

Sits weeping, whilst on her uncover'd breast
 The cold rain beats—there let me see thy hand
 Raise her dejected head, and give the means
 Of present comfort to her sobbing soul:
 So shall my tears convince thee, that my heart
 Is prone to pity, tho' I can't relieve.

T O

I N D E P E N D E N C E .

COME, buxom Nymph ! of ever-smiling mien,
Whose voice is freedom, lib'ral as the breeze
When Zephyr sighs along the vernal plains :
Come, take me by the hand, and up the steep
Of yonder mount conduct me. Shew me there,
Far as the eye can reach, the wondrous scenes
Of Nature's wide domain. Descending thence,
Upon the valley's bosom let us lean
With rapture inexpressible : for sure
The valley has its charms. Such, such to me

They

They seem'd but yesterday. 'Twas then I heard
 The low of oxen and the bleat of lambs
 In intermingled melody, with song
 Of birds united, and the chide of streams.
 Or, if my fancy prompts me to reside
 Amidst the city's noise, be thou my guide.
 Together let us mix amongst the crowd,
 Remark the bustling multitude, and view
 The busy sons of Gain. Upon their brow
 In traces visible sits rugged Care,
 Knitting the frown of Av'rice. All strive
 Thy liberty to purchase: yet, when bought,
 The sordid lust of lucre still remains,
 Nor can the wretches e'er enjoy thy charms.
 How long must I invoke thee, bashful maid!
 Still, still from me thou dost avert thy face,

T O
INDEPENDENCE.

COME, buxom Nymph ! of ever-smiling mien,
Whose voice is freedom, lib'ral as the breeze
When Zephyr sighs along the vernal plains :
Come, take me by the hand, and up the steep
Of yonder mount conduct me. Shew me there,
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 Remark the bustling multitude, and view
 The busy sons of Gain. Upon their brow
 In traces visible sits rugged Care,
 Knitting the frown of Av'rice. All strive
 Thy liberty to purchase: yet, when bought,
 The sordid lust of lucre still remains,
 Nor can the wretches e'er enjoy thy charms.
 How long must I invoke thee, bashful maid!
 Still, still from me thou dost avert thy face,

84 ON INDEPENDENCE.

And, ah ! methinks you smile to see me wear
 The chain of servitude. Unhappy lot !
 Yet should I not repine, did golden joys
 Reward my toil equivalent. But oft
 Distressful Industry unnotic'd weeps,
 Nor reaps the fruit she earns, whilst Indolence
 To tune of flutes, and all the minstrelsey
 Of laughing Mirth, sits circumfus'd with joy.
 O come, and I will burst the hostile bar
 That now confines my soul, and ev'ry spark
 Of kindling fancy stifles. Let me stray
 Ofttimes at eve, when Vesper beams his flame
 Pale o'er the twilight lawn. Then will I woo
 Celestial thought, while solemn Solitude
 Approaches gradual, in her mantle brown,
 Unheard and unattended. Then, when Sol

The

On INDEPENDENCE. 85

The blushing East illumines, and wakes to mirth,
Each feather'd chorister, and in the lap
Of Nature pours his vegetative warmth,
The morning breeze let me inhale. How sweet
Her early breath! Yet, oh! how sweeter still
When my *Cleora's* by! Smile, heav'nly maid!
As when I saw thee first. On me alone
Shed looks compassionate, and I will bear
Misfortune's bitter frowns, nor murmur aught,
Save ever and anon a yearning sigh
Will waft my soul to thee and Independence.

P R O S P E C T O F L I F E !

An EPISTLE to a young NOBLEMAN;

WRITTEN IN 1768.

THOU! to whom Fortune hath bequeath'd her store
So large, that Ay'rice need not wish for more,
Whom Splendor whirls in her emblazon'd car,
And Honour badges with her silver star,
Whose long descent, and titles sounding high,
Exclude the thought that thou wast born to die;
Canst thou forget (tho' 'tis but for an hour)
The swell of pedigree, and glare of pow'r?
For sober sentiment renounce a while
The court refulgent, and the royal smile,

The

The gilded coronet, the dazzling vest,
 The boastful motto, and the stately crest,
 The blaze of heraldry, with all the charms
 That wait the pomp and vanity of arms?
 Canst thou from Pride's exalted throne descend,
 And hear a Muse, who means to be thy friend?
 Canst thou—then let me whisper in thy ear
 This solid truth—thou art no vulgar peer,
 And I shall strive in strains of joy to pour
 Thy praises forth (tho' 'tis but for an hour.)

What is this life, that mortals idly crave?
 The noisy passport to the silent grave.
 Each moment sinks the value of the prize,
 And Death is daily marching 'fore our eyes.
 Drunk with the joys of life, we heed him not
 Till sickness warns us of the common lot,

The

88 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

The lot, which levels all on equal terms,
 And gives an olio banquet to the worms,
 That rudely gnaw, in undistinguish'd graves,
 The flesh of emperors, and flesh of slaves.
 Abashing, humbling thought ! enough to force
 Strong-wing'd Ambition from her eagle course—
 Enough to curb the self-sufficient will,
 And bid the lust of earthly praise be still.
 What is this life—a temporary stage,
 Where divers men in divers parts engage.
 The fleeting forms in quick succession glide,
 As one moves off, his absence is supply'd ;
 And should some fav'rite actor quit the scene,
 Into his place another steps serene :
 Serene, and, full of self, he tries to soar,
 And reach a height, that ne'er was reach'd before,

Behold

Behold the wither'd, sapless tree of fame,
 That boasts no other virtue but the name:
 Yet, by the dupes of adoration view'd,
 Its trunk appears magnificently rude:
 In shatter'd pomp it still attracts the sight,
 And warms each novice with a strange delight.
 In vain—for souls renown'd in ancient days,
 With greedy hands have pre-engross'd her bays,
 Each twig so rifl'd that no modern now
 Can find one leaf to dignify his brow.
 Yet tho' her branches gradually fade,
 Man still seeks refuge in her scanty shade.
 Vain foolish man! when all the precious fruit
 Is torn away, to reverence the root.
 Now turn we to the general account
 Of life, and calculate the whole amount.

My

90 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

My feeble Muse attempts not aught that's new,
But means to bring more forward to the view
Scenes, which might otherwise escape the eye,
And in oblivion unregarded lie.

Infancy, growing to the nurse's breast,
That fumes, and cries its little soul to rest,
By nature helpless, and dispos'd to fret,
And wrangling even with its vital teat,
In one short minute vex'd, and pleas'd again,
Expressing pleasure and expressing pain
From the same cause, each bauble for a while
Forcing a frown, and calling forth a smile ;
Infancy, void of sense, to reason blind,
Marks out the first weak state of human kind.

Childhood, but one remove above a fool,
Whining, and whimp'ring as he lags to school,

Ignorant

Ignorant and sulky, with malicious eye
 Watching each motion of each harmless fly,
 Contriving means that insect to obtain,
 Then most delighted, when he gives most pain,
 In cruel laughter venting all his breath,
 To see it writhe in agonies of death ;
Childhood comes next, unable to provide
 The very bread with which he is supply'd ;
 Extremely pleasant, and extremely sour,
 The changing idiot of each changeful hour,
 Till Reason dawns her intellectual ray
 Athwart his mind, and lights him on his way.
 Slow steals its influence, hard to be perceiv'd,
 Till facts confirm it, hard to be believ'd.
 Thus round the dial moves the steady shade
 Unseen, but by the progress it hath made,

Thus

92 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Thus imperceptible the river flows—

Thus peeps the bud, and thus the blossom blows.

But who the growth, th' immediate growth can spy,
Destin'd to mock the ken of mortal eye!

So Reason, by degrees, informs the boy,

Yet still he longs for some inglorious toy,

Some toy, that Fancy holds before his eye,

Or, if he quits it, quits it with a sigh.

When some few years have made the stripling bold,

His rebel spirit scorns to be control'd.

Half-boy, half-man, extravagantly wild,

He breaks the shackle that confin'd the child,

Looks grim defiance at his tutor's rod,

And stands intrepid at a parent's nod.

Pois'd 'twixt the bladders of self-consequence

He sails aloft, and in the place of sense

Adopts

Adopts low cunning—on his mates below
 He looks with all the triumph of a foe,
 Till snaps the cordage, that upheld his weight,
 And down he drops a martyr to conceit.

Youth, headstrong *youth*, elate with pride, succeeds,
 Strutting, and vaunting of his mighty deeds
 Of hardy daring—deeds that but declare
 How firm his nerves, how tough his muscles are.
 Plebeian boasting ! him no rules can sway,
 Nor Wisdom guide, or menaces dismay.
 Him Virtue cannot awe, for Vice alone
 Hath warp'd his heart, and stamp'd him for her own.
 O'er-weening of the strength that Nature gave,
 Slave to his whores, and to himself a slave,
 Too rash to think, too prodigal of health,
 Of that as careless, as he is of wealth,

Onward

Onward he darts, impatient of a rein,
 And hunts down Pleasure in the vale of Pain,
 With mad'ning tumult riots o'er the bowl,
 And damps each spark of reason in his soul,
 Nor, tho' the earth beneath his feet should rock,
 And frightened Nature feel the dreadful shock,
 Tho' round his head the light'ning's flame should glare,
 And peals of thunder split the vault of air,
 The dance of rapture would the wretch forego,
 Or check the mirth that must conclude in woe.
 But mark ! where Sicknefs draws her venom'd dart,
 And probes, with keenness probes his throbbing heart,
 Now sinks the coward, all unfit to live,
 And wants that peace the world can never give.
 Conscience, *that* Conscience, which the mind sustains
 Firm, and undaunted on the rack of pains,

Which

Which o'er the righteous pours a blessed ray,
 His pillow smooths, and turns his night to day,
 Withholds her visit; and the sinner knows
 No pause from woe, no comfort from repose.
 In vain with silent foot doth soothing Sleep
 Around his ruff'd couch attempt to creep,
 With friendly hand in vain attempt to spread
 The lulling poppy round his aching head,
 For guilt howls out the note of terror there,
 And bids the gentle deity despair.
 Away he turns, on heav'nly errand bent,
 And seeks the calmer region of content,
 Regards alike, where Virtue loves to dwell,
 The splendid mansion, and the homely cell.
 Now sinks the coward, all unfit to die,
 And for the first time deigns to lift his eye

96 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

To that great Pow'r, whose strength alone can save
His fleeting life, and snatch him from the grave.

Manhood, with huge importance over-grown;
Thinks merit centred in himself alone,
Strangely reserv'd, and arrogantly proud,
Expects superior homage from the crowd:
Wisdom, or Dullness in her shape serene,
Hath stamp'd her prudent forecast on his mien.
Caution presents him with her book of rules,
And tacks him to her catalogue of fools.
Whate'er he doth, in form precise is done,
For form and sense he judges both as one.
With what a grave solemnity of face,
Dwelling on circumstance, on time, and place,
He quotes dull facts, or stories out of date,
And cites old proverbs in each new debate.

To

To contradict him would be full as bad,
 As to unloose the fetters of the mad.
 What fury then would shake his frantic soul,
 That loves to give, but cannot take control !
 Grant him but knowledge, and the man's your friend,
 Deny him that, and malice without end
 His bosom goads, nor will he cease to aim
 The shaft of slander at your spotless name.
 What knows the fool ?—Admit, that he's possess'd
 Of all the knowledge that the human breast
 Ever enlarg'd, and let us once admit,
 That no man yet discover'd so much wit :
 What is't, but to be perch'd upon a stage,
 A surer mark for Envy's keenest rage ?
 With giant strides to bluster to and fro,
 And glance contempt on vulgar dwarfs below ?

98 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

What's all the knowledge that the dunce can have,
 If it extendeth not beyond the grave?
 Who seeks to dignify his earthly clod,
 Himself must study, and must know his GOD.
 All other study passeth like a trance,
 All other knowledge is mere ignorance.

Waspish *Old age*, perverse, and full of fear,
 Comes hobbling on, and closes up the rear.
 To hear the wretch in broken sobs complain,
 And see him rack'd with agonizing pain,
 To view man's nature in this state forlorn,
 Thus low reduc'd, might make a savage mourn;
 Palsy'd in body, palsy'd more in mind,
 Praying for death, and yet to live inclin'd—
 Mock'd by his children—hated e'en by those
 Who most should strive to mitigate his woes,

All

All with him dead, and his impatient heir,
 His eldest born, and once his darling care,
 Should ling'ring Death neglect his fire to kill,
 In secret ministers the fatal pill.
 Old age—but here a sigh begins to rise,
 And the warm torrent gushes from my eyes :
 With Pity's stream my swelling heart runs o'er—
 Grief! give me respite—for I can no more.

Are not these stages principally true,
 If comprehended in a general view ?
 Or is the picture, which the bard hath made,
 Too thin of light, and dash'd too deep with shade ?
 If so, 'tis drawn for some peculiar ends,
 And its companion shall make large amends.

Now tell me, *Dives* ! why shouldst thou be vain ?
 Why treat the meanest subject with disdain ?

100 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Can all the pomp, or gingerbread of state
Thy soul secure, or shelter thee from fate?
On sordid riches fix thy gloating eyes,
And on the stilts of earthly glory rise.
Go forth! in all thy rhetoric rejoice,
Whilst wond'ring statesmen listen to thy voice.
Outstrip thy fellows in the race of Fame,
And let them rear a statue to thy name.
Be first in learning, triumph in dispute,
In parts excel, and strike the senate mute.
In all thou doest, the sons of men outvie,
Time sweeps along—yet thou and Time must die.
Yet ere the latter yields his distant breath,
What countless worlds will gorge the womb of death!
But, wrap'd in proud, magnificent parade,
Thou thinkest not on the wrecks that Time hath made.

Observe

A PROSPECT OF LIFE. 101

Observe yon ruin—once a goodly feat,
The gay, superb Exchange of all the great,
Where Grandeur all her gorgeous store display'd,
And Pleasure dream'd on beds of roses laid;
Where blooming Beauty view'd with amorous glee
The warrior fighting on his bended knee,
Whilst Mars and Cupid plauded the design,
And bade the laurel and the myrtle join.
There polish'd wit gave relish to the bowl,
And Mirth electrify'd the languid soul.
There tun'd his lyre the *Handell* of the day,
And warbling virgins swell'd the sprightly lay.
But now no more the voice of Music thrills,
No more the harp the wide apartment fills
With tones melodious, and instead of those
The owl, dire-hooting, murders Night's repose,

Whilst

102 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Whilst through the ragged chink, or chasm drear,
 The rough wind howls, or whizzes on the ear.
 Blank'd are the traces of each festive scene,
 Nor scarce a proof that merriment has been ;
 Save that perhaps one sole, surviving sage,
 Gall'd with the double weight of want and age,
 Within the mansion comfortably bred,
 Now starving on the bounties of the dead,
 Recounts the frolics there, which, when a boy,
 He saw, and now reiterates with joy ;
 Then tells, oh sad reverse ! that, with intent
 Right good, and bounteous, at an easy rent
 His noble master plac'd him in a farm,
 Where he continu'd happy, snug, and warm,
 Till the next heir, through sordid lust of gold,
 Check'd his fair hopes, and turn'd him from his hold :

And

A PROSPECT OF LIFE. 103

And, lastly, wails the ruin of the place,
Whilst the tear struggles down his furrow'd face.

The spacious marble floor, which nobles trod,
Is now a filthy, rude, unsightly sod,
O'er-run with brambles, where the crawling toad
Squat 'midst the rubbish takes his rank abode;
And on the walls, where in majestic show
Domestic pictures form'd a shining row,
Where burnish'd armour glitter'd on the fight,
With all the various implements of fight,
Sticks the dull slug, or lazy-creeping snail,
Smears all it touches with its slimy trail,
Whilst here and there the rambling weed is seen,
And clinging ivy spreads its dusky green.
Oh man! this view presume not to deride,
But let it mortify thy stubborn pride.

Th'

Th' untutor'd rustic, as he passes by,
 Stops short, and gazes with a curious eye;
 And, pausing on this fragment of decay,
 Forgets his whistle, and forgets his way:
 Swift o'er his mind he feels the rush of thought,
 And learns a lesson, that he ne'er was taught.

See! where *Lothario* lies consign'd to fate,
 He stinks in dignity, and rots in state.
 Such, *Dives*! shall thou be—and dost thou start
 Appall'd at Death, and tremble at his dart?
 Fear not—the warning Muse shall set thee free,
 For she has comfort in reserve for thee.
 Believe her, when with holy rapture fir'd
 She says that life is much to be desir'd,
 When spent according to a proper plan,
 And true Religion elevates the man;

When

When Charity, to no one sect confin'd,
 Glows universal in his generous mind,
 Like some large river, which in dearth of rains
 O'erflows its banks, and waters all the plains;
 When Hope through dark'ning clouds begins to break,
 And keeps his drowsy faculties awake;
 Not that low hope, which rivetted to earth
 Of wish'd events expects the future birth,
 (Tho' that's a blessing, which allays distress,
 And gives a present taste of happiness,
 Makes Labour cheerful, as he turns the soil,
 And chant his ballad in the field of toil,
 Yet often baffles his minutest care,
 Eludes his grasp, and buoys him up in air
 To plunge him deep, and deeper in despair)
 But that sure Hope, which in religion lies,
 And lifts beyond, how far beyond the skies!

The

106 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

The tow'ring soul—that Hope which Reason courts,
And holds most dear, and which true Faith supports.
'Tis this that calms our sufferings below,
And gives a lustre to the face of Woe,
The dying cheers, insures eternal rest,
And pours a flood of transport o'er his breast.
See, with what sweet composure he sustains
The fatal stroke, and triumphs o'er his pains !
His pious soul springs forward to be free—
“ Death ! where's thy sting ! where, Grave ! thy victory.

Doth solitude, my friend ! thy bosom warm,
And silent groves convey a secret charm ?
Then seek the groves, where not a sound is heard,
Not e'en the tuneful warbling of a bird :
But woo not privacy to 'scape the strife
And busy bustle of this noisy life,

To

To shun dull visitants, and fly from those
 Whose conversation wearies thy repose.
 From narrow meanness does that thought arise,
 And a too selfish principle implies.

The love of solitude inflames the mind,
 And springs from causes of a different kind.
 Some with indifference are known to range,
 And seek it merely for the sake of change.
 The vulgar wretch, who plac'd his bliss in self,
 Who ne'er did good without an eye to self,
 Who look'd on all things with a worldly view,
 Whom want pursues, or threatens to pursue,
 Unable to endure the common jeer
 Of thriving neighbours, or the private sneer,
 With all the rage of irritated spleen
 Retires inflated to the sylvan scene,

Retires

108 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Retires, from haunting duns to be exempt,
To hide his person, and avoid contempt.
Here, whilst the disappointed mortal sees
The lights and shades beneath the verdant trees,
Through various openings casts his fullen eyes,
And with accurs'd, repining envy spies
The cattle grazing on the fertile plain,
And fields producing large increase of grain,
He growls at all which Providence design'd,
And damns the social ties of human kind,

Strive then, my friend ! with nobler motives fir'd,
At proper seasons strive to be retir'd.
Embowr'd in soft recess, sketch out some plan,
That may relieve thy fellow creature MAN.
Diveſt thy heart from prejudice and pride,
And public good from intereſt divide.

With

With due propriety resolve to act,
 And knit in stronger bands the social pact;
 For all are born (whatever thou mayst think)
 To join the general, and the social link.
 But above all ('tis an immortal theme)
 Contemplate on the great, the good SUPREME.
 His love to man in silent thought explore,
 Bow down with meek submission and adore.
 Thy meditation farther on pursue,
 And keep the blessed SAVIOUR in thy view.
 Peruse the lasting page of holy writ,
 That mocks the weak attacks of human wit.
 What heav'nly truths! what lofty graces shine
 Throughout the whole, and speak the work divine!
 How far beyond what poet ever thought!
 Or what the dry philosopher hath taught!

Hence

110 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

Hence shall this life be look'd on as a prize,
And daily streams of happiness arise.
Hence, *Dives!* shall thy fame, thy joys increase,
Nor shall one real care disturb thy peace.
Hence shalt thou meet with Piety's reward,
For heav'n will view thee with a dear regard.

Then let not gaudy pomp inflame thy mind,
And bid thee spurn the rest of human kind.
Be not deceiv'd—Nobility I prize,
When he, who hath it, acts not in disguise.
Our love it raises, or excites our hate,
Just as the owner has decreed its fate,
And looks (as good or evil acts are done)
A low'ring cloud, or an effulgent sun.
Yet know, tho' coronets may grace thy roll,
True greatness is the greatness of the soul.

When

A PROSPECT OF LIFE. III

When ROME due honours to her heroes paid,
For acts of martial bravery display'd;
When in her senate she was pleas'd to grace
The gallant MARIUS with a noble place;
When inbred Merit, her peculiar care,
Had rais'd the warrior to the consul's chair,
Envy turn'd sick—nor were there wanting those,
Who, tho' they own'd his virtues, prov'd his foes,
Who view'd his person with an eye of scorn,
Because he was not to a title born,
And thought it a dishonour to their birth
To mix with such a mongrel son of earth.
This touch'd his soul, and with a manly pride
Thus spake the hero, and their taunts defy'd.
“ PATRICIANS all! who think ye have a right
“ My low, but honest parentage to slight,

If

112 A PROSPECT OF LIFE.

- “ If want of birth illustrious be a sin,
“ Look back, and with your ancestors begin.
“ Be cautious how my lineage ye condemn,
“ For, by reproaching me, ye libel them.
“ Like me, they try’d the perils of the field,
“ Like mine, their breasts with fortitude were steel’d.
“ Like mine, their labours, and like mine their worth,
“ Alike their valour, and alike their birth.
“ What but their virtues did their rise create,
“ And made them brother-nobles of the state?
“ Your rank you owe to their exploits alone,
“ Not to one single action of your own.
“ ’Tis true, they left you riches to enjoy,
“ Statues and urns, and many a splendid toy
“ Of rarest value—I have none of these
“ To feed my pride, and gaze on at my ease :
“ But,

“ But, in their place, I can produce a fight
 “ Of spears and shields presented me in fight,
 “ And shew a breast replete with wounds and scars
 “ Receiv’d with joy in honourable wars.
 “ This is the sole nobility I boast ;
 “ This the prime grandeur which I value most :
 “ ’Tis self-acquir’d, and I should blush to wear
 “ A title, that descends from heir to heir,
 “ Till some renown’d, distinguish’d act of mine
 “ Made the dull gem with keener lustre shine.
 “ Plain is my speech, nor is my humble style,
 “ Specious like yours, adapted to beguile.
 “ I ne’er learn’d Greek—but, conversant in fights,
 “ I’ve learn’d to vindicate my country’s rights,
 “ To rout her foes, her cities to defend,
 “ And, like a Roman, prove the Romans friend,

114 A PROSPECT OF LIFE,

“ On Virtue’s sacred base to build my fame,

“ And fear no danger, but an evil name.”

Hear this ye proud ! and let th’ example warm—

Confess its force—confess it, and REFORM.

THE

T H E

CHIMNEY-CORNER.

WHAT! tho' the Muse with her ethereal wand
Ne'er touch'd me into fame, or lightly touch'd:
Tho' unpropitious to my frequent pray'r
She never wove a lasting wreath for me,
Yet have I caught some scatter'd leaves of bay
That fell unguarded from her open lap,
And round my brow presumptuously entwin'd
The precious remnants, blooming but to fade,
Contented, tho' they wither'd on my brow.
Your splendid portals, with festoons of flow'rs

116 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Purged by Fancy, will you not unlock,
 Ye sisters amiable ! and give one glimpse
 Of your enchanting Paradise.—Ah no !
 For faithful Genius keeps the sacred key.
 Then, Nature ! thou, thy rude rough pencil lend,
 Truth-fashion'd—bear me to some rural cot,
 Far from the bust'ling tumult of the town,
 And seat me in the *Chimney-corner*—snug,
 Where crackles bavinwood, or kindly beech
 It's gen'rous heat bestows, or quadrate turf
 Burns dimly to the eye. Here pleas'd I sit
 Contemplative, and laugh at elbow-chair
 Of costly damask, edg'd with gilded nail.
 Ah ! what delights the carpet-cover'd floor
 Magnificent ! Or *that* from *Persia's* realm
 Imported o'er ; or *that* of humbler woof

In

The CHIMNEY-CORNER. 117

In looms *Wiltonian*!—What! the marble hearth
Diversify'd with many a mimic cloud,
Or ostentatious of its azure veins,
And shelf adorn'd with strange unmeaning forms,
If pure Content be wanting. This alone
Silver's the pewter spoon, and by the aid
Of that great alchemist, we *Fancy* call,
Transmutates the basest metal into gold.
Content!—Oh pleasing sound! thy very name
My pulse invigorates. In quicker waves
Bounds thro' my veins the crimson tide of life,
And brighter looks the fluid of each eye.
Whate'er of happiness, Idea forms,
Beams o'er my soul its influence benign.
Tutor'd by thee, Grief thinks her burthen light,
Great-reconciler of events that seem

Improbable;

118 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Improbable; for thro' thy mirror seen
Shade turns to substance, poverty to wealth.
Queen of the placid brow, and eye serene!
On whom the gloomy, rain-impregnate cloud
No terror sheds, whose firm-embosom'd heart
The tempest-croaking raven cannot shake,
Come, with thy sister Patience—hither come,
And lead me to thy cot, where Temperance,
Thy handmaid, holds the decent cup of health.

Here, to the cricket's intermitting song
I listen pleas'd: nor less grimalkin's purr
Delights me, with the noise of chatt'ring jay
In osier basket perch'd, beyond the reach
Of little puppy yelping underneath;
Dame partlet, too, attended by her brood,
Cackling her glee, the kitchen concert fills.

Here,

THE CHIMNEY-CORNER. 119

Here, free from jargon, and the technic terms
Of knowledge superficial, I regale
My nose with *Trinidad*, valu'd erst
By braggart *Bobadil*. As oft the cloud
Voluminous I raise, reflect I must
On thee, oh GARRICK! when in *Drummer's* form
Thy droll address excites the comic laugh.
Thanks to thee, son of Nature! Much of mirth,
And much of intellect I owe to thee.

Warm clad in humble vest, the farce of dress
I reckon not, heedless of the veering vane
Of fashion. Leave I that to playhouse spark,
Who loves to shine the comet of the night,
Proud in balcony, foremost in the train
Of fops, who buzz their nonsense by the hour.
Here, in my caxon, that disdains a curl,

The

120 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

The ceremonious *tye* of barrister
 Loquacious, boasting its redundant locks,
 I laugh to scorn. External I despise,
 Tho' *character*, much-fam'd for aspect sage,
 Nor less renown'd for vacancy of thought,
 Should strongly plead for privilege of form.
 Formality—what's that? a public cheat
 On common sense—that struggles hard to make
 Her spurious guinea pass for sterling gold;
 Who, bankrupt like, rears high her haughty head,
 Bluff'ring superb, to catch the vulgar eye,
 And to elude Suspicion's eagle-watch.
 But half the world are prostitutes to form,
 And gravity of brow. Hence swarms each street
 With *Æsculapian* wings. The beardless youth
 Hight pharmacopolist, ere yet he knows

The

The painted gallipot's contracted terms,
His master emulates, and tucks his locks
Beneath a load of scientific hair.

Thus tonsor-arm'd, and dangling clouded cane,
With solemn step, and forehead wondrous wise,
Stalks forth the great phenomenon abroad,
Looking august importance. Hence the fee
Of counsellor enlarges. 'Tis the fun
That sheds a lustre round each dunghill thought,
And to the barren boy, from guardian's chain
Enfranchis'd, gives a *Lytteltonian* grace.

Without it, what were medicinal skill,
Or what the deep *farrago* of the law !
Who would commit his fever-burning pulse
To bag-wig doctor? Or who state his case
To chamber-counsel, if he wore his hair?

Mean

122 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Mean time, with dumplin hard and bacon firm,
 The oblong culinary board is spread.
Ceres is there in shape of lusty loaf
 Aduft, adorn'd with many a mark oblique,
 Device of housewife : and the good old knight,
 So universally carefs'd, is there,
 Hight *Sir John Barleycorn*. In nappy ale
 Nut-brown he stands, inviting to the taste.
 The clock strikes three. *In* pour the rustic rout,
 And at the sight of stranger doff their hats
 With complaisance uncouth. A native blust
 Pictures each honest weather-beaten face,
 That rivets my regard. At length appears,
 With implement of labour in his hand,
 The farmer boon, and on his open brow
 Sits Hospitality array'd in smiles,

While

The CHIMNEY-CORNER. 113

While Health presents him with her freshest rose.
Fat *Plenty* round his swelling waist robust
Her belt has buckled, and athwart his shoe
Frugality has ty'd her leathern thong.
Jocund he comes. Behind, his watchful dog
Close cringes at his heels, an emblem strict
Of rare fidelity. Blush, mortals, blush!
And learn one grateful lesson from a brute.
He comes. His dame surveys him with a smile,
Firm token of his welcome. Round her neck
His brawny arms he throws, and greets her well.
Then lolls in cushion'd chair. Nor long he sits
Before he spies his friend, whom clouds of smoke,
Pipe-issuing, at first from view conceal'd.
Me narrowly he kens from head to foot,
Then recollects the features he had lost

Of

124 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Of *quondam* schoolfellow. What raptures then
 Ensue ! The hearty manual shake, the hug
 Close-gripping, and the tear affectionate
 Dewing his manly cheek : sensation soft !
 Real and tender, worthy Friendship's name.
 Now scenes of former prospects rush to view,
 Heart-pleasing. Fond enquiries then succeed
 Of brother playmates in the days of school :
 And, while we talk of separated friends,
 Some dead, and some to foreign climes remov'd
 Beyond Hope's telescope, descends again
 The tear humane, and mutual is our grief,
 For mutual was our love. " But come", quoth he,
 " Cheer up, nor let thy courage be cast down,
 " Thus runs the good old song. See there my friend,
 " The table spread, and on't a sav'ry hock,

" Rem-

“ Remnant of fitch well-dry’d. Fall to,” quoth he,

“ And eat thy fill—right welcome as myself.”

So saying, from his leather sheath he draws

His knife, but newly ground, and instant cuts

A sliver longitudinal, enough

To startle invalid. To see him bolt

The thick, firm slices down, with relish due,

And gulp the fatt’ning bev’rage, rouses up

My ling’ring appetite The jovial train,

Entrencher’d round, he views with eyes of joy,

And universal merriment presides.

Here, Luxury, thou nymph of squeamish taste!

Be present—from thy shaking, nerveless hand,

Drop thy provocatives, and learn how much

Of lusty Health on Exercise depends.

The

126 The CHIMNEY-CORNER.

The Dinner o'er, each to his station hies
 Light-hearted. While before the chimney side
 Straddles my honest friend in easy chair,
 I creep to fav'rite corner. There my pipe
 Pleas'd I resume, and on my finger nail
 Knock out the remnant ashes. Straight my host
 Presents his pouch, stuff'd hard with *Indian* weed,
 Fragrant as nosegay in the month of *June*—
 Enters the housewife with a jug replete
 Of home-brew'd, produce of the last year's crop.
 We drink—then gaily fill our clay-form'd tubes,
 And drink twice more before we light. So prompts
 Convivial maxim. Whoso breaks this rule
 Subverts the chart of *Bacchanalian* mirth.
 To fragrant leaf we then the coal apply,
 And give it scope to burn. Ascend the fumes

In

In aromatic wreath, high over head
Forming a clouded canopy. There trane'd
We sit, nor envy aught beneath the Moon.

Ye sons of Care! on pinnacle of state
High elevated, hither turn your eyes,
Look down, and pity if you can. Avaunt
Your garter'd honours, and your titled names!
If for these toys the unpolluted heart
Must barter its integrity. Farewell!
(When all the sparks of honesty are quench'd)
Content of mind, that life of life below,
And faithful *index* to the life to come.
Farewell all mirth! the retrospective thought
That on the roll of Mem'ry sees no ill
In CAPITALS recorded, oh, farewell!

What

What can compensate for the loss of peace !
 What lenient balm the torment can assuage
 Of troubled Conscience ! or what opiate lull
 To placid slumber, when Reflection keen
 Her bitter, counteracting potion holds !
 Ever, dear Honesty ! be thou my guide,
 And I shall walk unerring. Guardian Peace
 Shall smooth my pillow then, and pleasing dreams,
 Unknown to wicked Wealth, compose my mind.

But see ! the daughter of my happy friend,
 The darling of his genuine love, advance,
 The child of Innocence, and by her side
 A lamb, associate meet, whose head she pats
 In fondling attitude. The nursing meek
 Licks in return her soft good-natur'd hand,
 More pleasing far this scene of rural life

Than

Than all the strokes the painter's pencil gives ;
 'Tis Nature in its purity, and needs
 No artful light or shade to trick it off.
 Quick to her father's loving knees she clings,
 And prattles amiable. The kiss sincere
 Of mutual love is interchang'd. Excess
 Of tend'rest rapture fills the mother's eye.
 Throughout the scenes of Nature, is there one
 Like this, that dawns such gladness on the soul,
 And bliss beyond conception, but of those
 Who taste connubial joys ? How sweeter far
 The face of *Cupid* looks, when he vouchsafes
 To sit with *Hymen* in the bow'r of Love,
 Than when he roams at large ! Ye libertines !
 Who in the fever of high spirits stray
 Thro' Pleasure's paths delusive, where the thorn

130 THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Lurks in the foldings of the rose, oh ! say,
What are your transports when compar'd to these ?
Painful similitude ! For once confess
Your conduct wrong. Confess it, and reform.

Think not, ye few select ! of letter'd fame,
Deep-versed in classic lore, that Ignorance
Reigns here : for on the decent cleanly shelf,
Displays *Religion* her immortal page,
From family to family transmitted down ;
And many a curious volume here is found
Didactically penn'd ; nor is there lack
Of books amusive, such as prompt the cheek
To wear the dimple of a harmless smile.
Such is my comfort, such my honest joy,
In rural *Chimney-corner*. Nor, ye Great !
On whom kind Fortune sheds her welcome smile,

My

My taste despise. For, if at me ye laugh,
 Yourselfs ye satirize. Like me ye love
 The country's healthy fare. Like me ye prize
 The *Chimney-corner*, and at vacant hour,
 Eager as fish at fly, ye gladly seize
 Fair Opportunity. Behind your chaise
 The full portmanteau stands, and down ye whirl
 Uneasy, till ye reach your little vill,
 The solace of your souls; where Silence leads
 To moralizing Thought, and calm Content
 Denies old Care his entrance at the door.
 Away the demon steers his weary flight,
 On cumbrous wings, to atmosphere more dense,
 And seeks his native mansion of the town.

T H E
D E A T H O F A B E L.

*The Beginning of the First Book of ABEL,
from Mrs. COLLYER's Translation.*

(of Solomon Gessner)

Henceforth be mute the pipe, through which I breath'd

The warbling melody of rural notes

In pastoral simplicity. No more,

Vocal by me, thy sound shall charm the ear.

To bolder strains, disdaining vulgar fame,

I swell my voice. Prepare I to rehearse

What happen'd to the first-created pair,

Since blissful *Eden* was no longer theirs;

And to record on Memory's bright roll

His name, who, victim'd by a brother's rage,

His dust first mingled with his native earth.

Genius

Genius of Inspiration ! hither come,
And beam thy sacred influence o'er my mind,
Whose tow'ring wing uplifts the daring bard
Beyond the starry world, what time he sits
In grove umbrageous ; watchful, while brown Night
Sleeps on the lap of Silence, or when wrapt
In thought, he muses by the flow'ry fide
Of stream, enlighten'd by the Moon's pale lamp.
Seiz'd with a sudden transport all-divine,
Imagination soars an ample flight,
On rapid pinions mounts the steep of air,
Surveying Nature, and foresees events
Remote, yet possible ; with eagle-eye
Measures the *marvellous* that strikes the soul
With force electric, and the *beautiful*
That by degrees enchants. With treasure fraught

Home

134 The DEATH OF ABEL.

Home she returns, delib'rate to arrange
And blend the vast materials she has found.
By Reason taught to chuse and to reject,
With wise economy she keeps alone
What forms true Harmony's immortal base.
Delightful this ! and worthy of the Muse !

Eternal honour to the studious bard !
Who, to inspire the heart with Virtue's love,
Watches the grasshopper's nocturnal song,
Till Morn arises in her crimson vest.
Posterity will crown the poet's urn,
Who dedicates the labour of his mind
To Virtue and to Innocence. His name
Shall ever live upon the tongue of Praise,
And Reputation, from her sacred fane,
Unfading laurels round his tomb shall wreath ;

While

While boastful trophies by the victor won,
Gnaw'd by the rusty tooth of hungry Time,
Shall shrivel up, and moulder into dust;
While the dead tyrant's mausoleum stands
Un-notic'd (tho' superb) in desert wild,
Where human foot has left no guiding path,

Soon as Aurora shew'd her virgin's face,
Rose-tinctur'd; soon as frowning Night withdrew
Her hov'ring vapours, and the Lord of Light
Shot his first ray, and tipp'd with burnish'd gold
The sable cedars of the mountain top,
Empurpling o'er the half-enlighten'd clouds,
Abel, and *Thirza* his beloved spouse,
Their leafy couch forsook, to shady bow'r
Retiring; where the lilied jessamine
Diffus'd its curls, and kiss'd the blushing rose.

Shone

Shone in her sparkling eyes of heav'n's own blue
The mildest beams of tender-looking love,
And virtue most immaculate, that gave
Attractive graces to her damask cheek ;
While her fair tresses on her neck of snow
In ringlets waving, and adown her back
Loose-flowing with becoming negligence,
Threw fresher lustre o'er her lovely form—
Thus walk'd fair *Thirza* by her *Abel*'s side :
Abel, whose forehead high was deck'd with shade
Of comely ringlets of the palest brown,
That o'er his shoulders in luxuriance play'd.

As when an angel, charg'd with mild behest
Of the *Most High*, to view the raptur'd faint,
Comes visible in human form, and moves
With easy dignity—thus *Abel* look'd,

Thus

Thus *Abel* mov'd. A manly graceful air
Of thought was added to his brow serene,
Each heightening each ; but yet the veil he wore
So ravishingly caught his *Thirza's* eyes,
That thro' the veil the heav'nly angel shone.
Thirza, with looks of most endearing love,
Smile-beaming, fondly to her *Abel* cry'd :

“ The birds awake, and chant their morning song,
“ Whilst Eccho imitates the pleasing notes.
“ Now in these pastures where rich Plenty sits
“ To feed her lambs, oh ! let me hear again
“ Thy hymn of yesterday. Still on my ear
“ Strikes the sweet music. Once more let me catch
“ The sacred sound, and I will join the strain
“ That swells in holy praises of the LORD.
“ Thy melody inspires my bounding heart

“ With

“ With transports pious ; and to hear thee speak

“ Those exquisite sensations that I feel

“ Yet cannot utter, is a bliss divine,

“ Equal almost to Paradise itself.”

When *Abel* thus with tender chaste embrace :

“ My lovely *Thirza* ! thy request I grant,

“ No sooner do thy eyes divulge thy wish,

“ Than, to fulfil it, rapturous I burn.

“ Thus ever wish, that I, by answers meet,

“ May give thee proof of pure connubial love.”

Then seated both within the fragrant bow'r,

Gilt by the splendor of the morning Sun,

He bow'd himself to Heav'n—and thus began :

Retire, O Sleep ! from ev'ry eye retire !

Ye hov'ring Dreams, that vex the fetter'd mind,

Evaporate !

Evaporate ! Once more her peaceful throne
Reason ascends, enlight'ning all the mind
Like as the morning Sun the fertile earth.
Hail to thy lustre ! oh, resplendent Sun,
Who from behind the cedars pourst thy beams,
Irradiating earth ! Thy friendly rays
Give life, give colour to Creation's face,
And every scene with new-born glory smiles.

Retire, O Sleep ! from ev'ry eye. Retire !
Ye hov'ring Dreams ! back to the shades of Night
Retire !—Where now are fled the shades of Night ?
Fled to the inmost caverns of the rocks—
In the thick-bow'ring grove for us they wait.
There shall we find them, and their cool relief
Shall give us spirits, while the flaming Sun
Darts perpendicular his meridian fire.

Sec. !

See ! where the radiance of the new-born Day,
Dazzling, first wakes the king of birds.—And see !
Where on the glitt'ring summits of the rocks,
And on the shining mountain's sides, sun-gilt,
Rise exhalations, mixing with the air
Of morning pure, like as burnt-offering smoke
From altars in thick spiral wreaths ascends,
Thus Nature celebrates returning light,
And pays her God the sacrifice of praise.
Let all things in existence give him praise !
Praise *him*, whose goodness infinite produc'd
All Nature, and whose goodness still preserves !
Ye springing flow'rs ! gay-opening to the beam
Of Heav'n, exhale your odours in his praise !
Grateful return the fragrance that he gave !
Ye wing'd inhabitants of ev'ry grove,
With shade magnificent ! your little throats
Instant attune melodious in *his* praise,

Who

Who gave you voice, who gave you melody!

Let the majestic, lordly lion roar

Tremendous, in *his* honour, while the rocks

“*Remurmur to the glorious, furly sound.*”

Praise GOD, my soul! *Creator!* and *Preserver!*

Before thy other creatures, Lord! be heard

The voice of *Man*. Be gratitude his song!

In the grey twilight, at the morning's dawn,

While birds and beasts with Slumber's filken chain

Are bound, oh! may my solitary song

Find due acceptance at thy gracious throne,

And to thy laud invite Creation round,

Creator! and *Preserver!* of the whole!

How bright! how marvellous thy works! oh GOD!

The seals of Wisdom and of Goodness pure

Are stamp'd on all. Where-e'er I turn my eyes,

Nought but the traces of thy bounty fills

My

My view capacious. Charm'd, supremely charm'd,
Is ev'ry sense, and all my soul is love.
Weak, as I am, O GOD! fain would I sing
Thy praises, tho' unequal to the lay,
Maker Omnipotent! What mov'd thee first,
For ever happy in Thyself, to call
Nature from nothing! Oh! what mov'd thee first,
Thou *Self-existent!* from the crumbling dust
To raise up *man*, and animate his clay!
What! but thy goodness, and thy love divine!
Him wast thou pleas'd to give the breath of life
For sake of happiness—O smiling Morn,
In thee I see an image of the work
Of Him, whose goodness lighted up thy charms.
When the strong-blazing God of day dispels
The horizon's vapours, and before his steps
Drives scouling Night, all Nature smiles with joy,

And

And feels the grateful, renovated change.

The Almighty spoke. Silence, and Night, her twin,

Heard his loud voice. At his divine command,

Myriads of living animals emerg'd

Forth from the teeming Earth. Flutter'd in air

The feather'd warblers, joyfully display'd

Their shining plumage, painted by his hand,

And fill'd the astonish'd woods with vocal praise,

Praise to the great *Inspirer* of their notes.

Earth again listens to her *Maker's* Voice!

In shapes innumerable rise the heaving clods

Bursting to life and motion. O'er the turf,

Dress'd in gay verdure, bounds the new-form'd horse,

And, neighing, shakes his long, dishevell'd mane.

Impatient from the cumb'rous earth to rise,

Struggles the strong-nerv'd lion, king of beasts,

And tries his first, his formidable roar.

Appears

Appears in motion, big with inward life,
A lofty hill—it bursts—it sinks again,
And from it stalks, in majesty of port,
The wonder-moving elephant, robust.

P. L. v. 153

These are thy works, Thou *Great Omnipotent*!
Each morn thy creatures, summon'd by thy call,
Awake from sleep, Death's image—They awake
Surrounded by thy bounties, joining all
Unanimous to chant thy glorious praise.
The time will come, when thy immortal name
From ev'ry corner of the earth shall sound,
Each hill shall be an altar to thy praise,
And man, with wonder, on thy works shall gaze,
Till Darkness shuts the transitory scene.

LOVE

LOVE FOR LOVE:

OR THE

AMOROUS STRUGGLE.

AS I and *Harriet*, lovely maid,
To seek a vagrant lambkin stray'd,
O'er hill, o'er dale, and grove,
Beneath yon myrtle's fragrant shade,
Upon the flow'ry turf was laid,
Asleep, the God of Love.

Wak'd by her voice the urchin rose,
And from his painted quiver chose

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L

The

The most prevailing dart,
With fatal skill his bow he drew,
Swiftly the potent arrow flew,
And pierc'd my tender heart.

To *Harriot* I disclos'd my pain,
I sigh'd, I swore, but all in vain—

Her heart was steel'd with pride:
She blush'd, she frown'd, and cry'd—Give o'er,
I'll hear this hated theme no more—
And turn'd her head aside.

Oppress'd with anguish and despair,
Confus'd I left the haughty fair,
And sought the woodbine bow'r,
Where *Harriot* oft alone withdrew,
From rural sports and public view,
T' enjoy the evening hour.

When

When *Phæbus* had his beams withdrawn,

And glitt'ring dew-drops bath'd the lawn,

Still pensive here I lay;

When low! the beauteous maid drew near,

And eas'd my anxious breast of fear,

As thus she deign'd to say:

“ Ah! custom, cruel to our sex!

“ Why is poor *Harriot* forc'd to vex

“ The swain her heart approves!

“ Or why, with insolent disdain,

“ Should she exult in *Damon's* pain,

“ Whom more than life she loves!

“ Ye powers! might I without control

“ The soft emotions of my soul

“ To the lov'd fwain impart,
“ Might I the tendernefs disclose
“ Which in my faithful bofom glows,
“ Void of delufive art ;

“ Aided by love, I'd fly to find
“ *Damon* the glory of mankind,
“ And fcorning mean difguife,
“ To the dear youth I'd freely own,
“ The fighs, that rofe for him alone,
“ Chac'd flumber from my eyes.

“ Alas, fond girl ! thy fwain would fcorn
“ The eafy conqueft; and forlorn
“ Poor *Harriot* would be left ;
“ Jeer'd by each nymph that treads the plain,
“ Despis'd by each relentless fwain,
“ Of every joy bereft.

“ Unhappy

Or, The AMOROUS STRUGGLE. 149

“ Unhappy sex, by custom taught
“ To veil a virtue with a fault,
“ And cover love with pride,
“ With falshood hide the heaven-born flame,
“ With cruelty degrade a name,
“ To no such vice ally’d.”

Grief stopp’d her tongue—I rose in haste,

With tenderness the nymph embrac’d,

And all my vows renew’d.

Confusion doubl’d ev’ry grace,

The trembling blush, that deck’d her face,

My ev’ry power subdu’d.

Kneeling, I cry’d, dear *Harriot*! hear,

Thy faithful vot’ry’s ardent prayer,

My

150 LOVE FOR LOVE; &c.

My generous flame approve,
No low desires my breast debase,
No time that passion can efface,
Where reason cements love.

Let not my fair retain a fear,
This kindness makes thee doubly dear
To *Damon's* grateful breast;
Propitious God of Love! inspire
My *Harriot* with thy genuine fire,
And I'm supremely blest.

'Twere vain, cry'd *Harriot*, to decline,
My *Damon*! I am wholly thine,
Here ever let me rest;
Propitious God of Love! inspire
Our faithful breasts with mutual fire!
And both are fully blest.

On

O N

RETIREMENT.

GRACIOUS Pow'rs! convey me where

No tumultuous throngs appear :

Far from bus'ness, far from noise,

Far from Flatt'ry's syren voice,

Far from Envy, free from care,

Let me taste the vernal air.

Bear me to some silent grove,

Sweet recess of Peace and Love,

Where each lofty sacred tree

'Shrines some sylvan deity,

Where

Where secure the feather'd choir
From the haunts of men retire ;

Where the tow'ring beech's shade,
Far projecting o'er the glade,
Casts a pleasing gloom around,
Where a thousand flow'rs abound,
Where the languid primrose blows,
And the purple vi'let glows ;

Where the balmy woodbine's charms
Crown the oak's protecting arms,
Where the fragrant hawthorn's bloom
Far extends its faint perfume,
Where the clasping ivy twines,
And the ruddy king-cup shines.

From

From a neighb'ring mountain's side

Let a murm'ring current glide,

From the mossy cliffs distil,

Purling on in many a rill,

Whilst the lark's pindaric strains

Eccho o'er th' adjacent plains,

Still to make the scene more fair

Let my *Delia* meet me there ;

Delia's presence would improve

Ev'ry beauty of the grove,

Give each flow'r a fresher dye,

Brighter azure to the sky.

In the soft sequester'd shade,

Soft *Erato*! heav'nly maid,

With

Where secure the feather'd choir
From the haunts of men retire ;

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Far projecting o'er the glade,
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Brighter azure to the sky,

In the soft sequester'd shade,

Soft *Erato*! heav'nly maid,

With

With thy melting airs inspire
Me to strike the warbling lyre,
While the cavern'd rocks around
Pleas'd return'd th' enchanting sound.

Venus, to complete my joy,
Hither send thy potent boy,
And in this auspicious hour
Let my *Delia* feel his pow'r;
Solitude can often move
Hearts of adamant to love.

But what language can reveal
Joys which lovers only feel,
When the sympathetic pair
More by looks than words declare!
What soft cares, and pleasing pains
Hold each willing heart in chains!

Joys,

Joys, like these, shall bless the swain
Who can *Delia's* love obtain;
Delia, gen'rous, virtuous, free,
All that woman ought to be,
Judgment, mildness, sense refin'd,
Join to grace my charmer's mind.

Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure,
Sweet content, and balmy leisure,
 Fairest of thy sex! be thine,
Delia's heart alone possessing,
Ever blest, and ever blessing,
 Let, ye Pow'rs, let this be mine.

THE

T H E
O L D S H O E.

THO' trifling be the subject—whilst my verse
Flows innocent, to me the critic's voice
Sounds light. In Index-learning deeply skill'd,
Let him pronounce his sentence as he lists,
Unmov'd I'll smile, nor wish for a reprieve,
But meet my doom, *as easy as my theme,*

Thou grand preserver of the mortal toe
From corns electric, tending to provoke
The oath tremendous, and distortive screw

Each

Each feature from the human face divine!
Thy touch I welcome. To the gouty foot
Sore vex'd with achings, and with tumours dire,
Pleasant administer of ease, all hail!
Great are thy benefits, for when old Time
Has made thy fabric *somewhat worse for wear*,
Serenely shall I sit in *slipper'd* ease.
Let the nice coxcomb grind his teeth with pain,
Face-making, while poor *Crispin* strains and sweats,
In pulling on his master-piece of art,
The pump dance-qualifying. But oh! my friend,
(If thou from racking twich wouldst sleep secure,
Or o'er the rough-worn pavement of the town
Tread safe) such ill spontaneous to avoid,
Dive rather, where some cellar warm and snug
Invites thee gradual. The vulgar taunt

Demands

Demands contempt : ne'er heed the low remarks
Of purse-proud Arrogance. Consult thine ease ;
From *this*, Life's temporary sweet proceeds.
Or pump, or shoe dost want ? here's choice of both.
Chuse well, for on the right of choice depends
Much future comfort. Or if pride prevents
(That foe to honest deeds) and something new
Be correspondent to thy taste, behold,
Where in large flaming capitals superb
Stands Yorkshire Warehouse ! fraught with calceaments
Of largeness universal. Cheapen here,
And save that shilling, which the man of trade,
Bred regular, would knavishly demand.
Thus saith Economy, and scorns Contempt !
Or hear, and dread, what prophesies the Muse :
In my mind's eye methinks I see thy feet

Cripp'l'd

Cripp'd and weak, protuberant with nodes
Hard as the crabtree, or the knotted oak ;
And, as you twist your features through the streets,
Methinks I hear the jeering schoolboy cry,
“ Here comes *Giles Gordon*,* ” whilst the child in arms
Screams out affrighted at thy hideous look,
And in its nurse's kerchief hides its head.
Confess then, when new shoe has wrung your foot,
In vain the needl'd † wight exerts his skill,
You trembling all the while with shocking phiz
Of multi-form distortion, uglier far
Than *Rackstraw* chisels out Philosophers.
In vain eradication is essay'd,
The pungent corn returns. That too destroy'd,

* Vide Spectator, Vol. iii. No. 173.

† The Corn-cutter.

Another

Another starts more dreadful than the last.
Thus, when the daring sinew-potent chief,
Alcides call'd, attack'd his hydra foe,
And greatly dash'd each horrid head away,
Another sprung, and proudly mock'd his toil;
Nor had the hero (tho' robust of arm,
And tough of heart, his vast enormous club
Wielding more nimble, than the man of fame,
Hight gladiator, brandishes his sword)
Accomplish'd his intent, *but* through the means
Of skill superior, and of aid divine.

THE
IRON LEG.

IN that blank, vacant season of the year,
When weary Business smooth'd her brow severe,
When lords and commons were retir'd to rest,
And care no longer fill'd each patriot breast,
When geese were doom'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
And punctual tenants had free leave to dine,
A certain merry monarch was inclin'd
To try the various humours of mankind.
His royal mandate issued to convene
Enough to fill, but not to crowd, the scene.

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M

They

They came—and, seated in his regal chair,
The king bade each in turn prefer his pray'r;
And, if consistent, he would freely grant
An instant remedy for ev'ry want.
For places, not a few address'd the throne,
Which might be fill'd by deputies alone:
But most for pensions rais'd their eager voice,
And shew'd their wisdom in so wise a choice.
The monarch 'frown'd—when straight a form arose
Who seem'd his royal temper to compose.
So droll his dress—'twas difficult to know
Which most he ap'd—the sloven, or the beau.
Bred to the forge, the anvil, and the vice,
It can't be thought his garb was over-nice.
Uncouth his figure—yet athwart his mien
The lines of genuine humour might be seen.

'Twas

'Twas silence all—undaunted stood the man,
And leering archly thus his suit began :
' Let not, my liege, this form your eyes offend,
Since I, who did not make it, cannot mend.
I come not here with ministerial views,
Your ever-gracious goodness to abuse.
I want not, mighty sovereign ! to be made
First lord of treasury, or first lord of trade:
Nor (void of all ambition) do I feel
The least emotion for the privy seal.
Whilst ale my cup, and mutton fills my plate,
Who will, may strut prime minister of state.
Not that I think my talents are so small,
But I could match, if not surpass 'em all :
Yet when these posts are fill'd, 'tis understood
The holder fills them for the public good.

Alas ! 'tis no such thing—who runs, may see
 That each regards his office for the fee.
 Move but the fishes and the loaves away,
 In each department 'twould be holiday.
 I form no wish where laziness takes part,
 Work is the pride and pleasure of my heart.
 A Blacksmith I—and an expert one too,
 As ever made, or ever fix'd a shoe ;
 And therefore, all your faithful servant begs
 Is that your subjects may wear Iron Legs,
 That I the maker sole may be decreed
 By patent, which will ratify the deed,
 For what without a patent can succeed ?”

Surprise unusual fill'd the monarch's breast,
 Who ask'd the reason of this odd request.

To him, the blacksmith—"Sire, it is well known
That human legs of flesh, and hollow bone,
Subject to accidents have always been,
And what so painful as a broken shin!
He, whom an Iron-leg-and-foot adorns,
Fears not the gout, nor dreads the twitch of corns.
Crowd-circl'd, no embarrassment he knows
From the rude rabble treading on his toes.
He with his hardy foot, O mighty fire!
When there's no poker, can stir up the fire;
For want of fork, can toast his cheese with glee,
And broil the tender beef-steak on his knee.
Besides—what great advantage would this bar,
'Gainst gun-shot wounds, prove to the British tar!
And how 'twould gall our foes to hear it spoke,
They've Legs of Iron to their Hearts of Oak!"

He

He ended—When, forthwith a surgeon rose
This wild, preposterous motion to oppose.

Ere yet the indentures of the boy were made,
That bound him fast to the dissecting trade,
In the shrewd father, was't not shrewdly done
With carcass-butchers to entrust his son ?
That he might have some knowledge of the knife,
And steel his heart against the cries of life ;
That he might learn, on so humane a plan,
By slicing animals to slice a man.
But since to hospitals the poor are sent
In shoals, as subjects for experiment,
What great occasion for the butcher's aid
To teach the uses of the sharpen'd blade ?

Thither

Thither the tyros of the art repair,
And learn the various modes of carving there:
Alike to them, so callous are they grown,
A patient's wailing, or a bullock's moan.

Erect and stiff this brat of Galen stood,
Thrice smell'd his cane—his cane of clouded wood;
Then thus—"O King! let pity sway your breast,
Nor grant this Mulciber his harsh request.
If so—how scanty will our bus'ness be!
Farewell the visit! and farewell the fee!
Of all the limbs most liable to pain,
The leg, perhaps, affords the greatest gain.
Scarce rolls a day, but patients on me call,
With knees or ancles damag'd by a fall;

And

And I can now, as all my brethren know,
Subsist a twelvemonth on a batter'd toe.
Instead of soft emollients to the part,
We try the utmost of our caustic art;
For should th'afflicted patient not endure
Some pain, he'd think too lightly of the cure;
And from this ancient practice should we swerve,
One half or more o'th' faculty would starve.
Now should your majesty so far descend
As to approve yourself this blacksmith's friend,
Adieu the probe, the scissars and the knife,
And ev'ry instrument to torture life!
The cut transverse or long, the slash askew,
Adieu! and all our modest fees adieu!
We shall not live, as we have liv'd before,
For amputation then will be no more."

He

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He said—and, indignation rising high,
 Full on the blacksmith roll'd his vengeful eye.
 Nay, if we credit what report hath said,
 (And here some little credit should be paid)
 His very wig look'd wrath—and strange to tell!
 In larger curves each buckle seem'd to swell.

*to force Blown Bladder Seem'd
to swell*
 So the dire snakes amidst Medusa's rage—

But why recur we to the classic page
 For families but little understood,
 Since a domestic one is full as good—
 So should some wag inflame some cook with ire,
 Who, frowning, fries the sausage o'er the fire,
 The cook not only vents his oaths accurst,
 But e'en the sausage hisses, 'till it bursts.

With

With mincing step a hofier next appear'd,
His bob fresh-powder'd, and new reap'd his beard,
In spruce array/his *Eminence* was dress'd,
And the paste-buckle glitter'd on his breast.

“ O King! said he, how much shall I bewail
My fortune, should the blacksmith's suit prevail!
Six children have I, and a teeming wife,
For whom I labour up the hill of life.
Times are so hard, that I can scarce afford
With silver services to deck my board,
And I'm oblig'd (sad case!) when-e'er I eat
To sit contented down to butcher's meat,
Nor can I welcome ev'ry coming guest,
With more than Lisbon, or than Port at best.

Six weeks (tormenting thought!) are gone and past,

Since I with Burgundy regal'd my taste.

Six weeks are vanish'd, since the forest haunch,

Floating in jelly, fill'd my growing paunch.

Paunch I must have, O Sovereign! or despair

Of ever gracing th' aldermanic chair.

For what's an alderman, unless full-fed!

Better by far for him to want a head

Than want a belly.—Is't not corpulence

Which marks that character as much as sense?

Must I in future then, must I forbear

To think on any thing but vulgar fare?

Renounce all dainties and exchange, with grief,

The fat of ven'son for the fat of beef.

Give up, in sight of Bacchus, and his court,

The smack of Claret for the smack of Port?

It

It must be so—Then farewell every wish
Each ardent longing for each sumptuous dish !
Adieu the Claret's renovating juice
Which I was wont in common to produce!
The scene is chang'd, and should the Iron-leg
Take place, alas ! I must be forc'd to beg.
Nor is this all—the evil will invade
The very vitals of the stocking-trade.
I speak, I plead not for myself alone,
But for the good of ev'ry trading town.
For should this Vulcan's harsh request prevail,
What shoals of weavers must despair in jail !
Then grant it not, O King ! but ease their fears,
Or else all *Nottingham* will be in tears,
And justly mourn their most unhappy doom,
To see the forge triumphant o'er the loom."

He

He paus'd—when lo! ^{old B-m} young *Griffin* next appear'd,
And beg'd the royal favour to be heard.
No vulgar youth, but an accomplish'd beau,
A very jessamy from top to toe.
Prick'd by an awl, his fingers never bled,
And his soft hands ne'er touch'd a waxen thread.
“ May't, please your majesty ”—but here he fail'd,
A peri-staltic motion so prevail'd,
That caus'd the youth's precipitate retreat,
Swift, as poor ***** from the battle's heat.

From Birmingham, a vast laborious crew
Of bucklemakers next stood full in view.
Uprose his kingship then, inflam'd with ire,
“ Whilst from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire.”
“ Hence

"Hence from my sight, he said, I'll hear no more—
Nor dare my aid in future to implore.
Ye know not what you ask—Hence, one and all,
And each attend unto his proper call,
Form no romantic castle in the air,
Lest it may prove an Iron-leg affair.
Well hath the blacksmith satiriz'd mankind.
For this keen jest, I feel myself inclin'd
To do him service,——
Approach, thou son of Vulcan! and receive
Those honours which thy King is pleas'd to give.
Let Fame, with Gladness, trumpet forth the news—
Henceforward be thou blacksmith to the Mews—
And more, thy matchless merit to requite,
Know all the world, that here I dub thee Knight."

He

He paus'd—and on his brawny shoulder laid,
In solemn state, the title-giving blade.

“ Rife up, Sir Iron-Leg—defy` your foes”—

Sir Iron kifs'd the royal hand, and rofe.

The reft with looks, that testify'd difmay,

Slow from the Prefence took their mournful way.

F I N I S.